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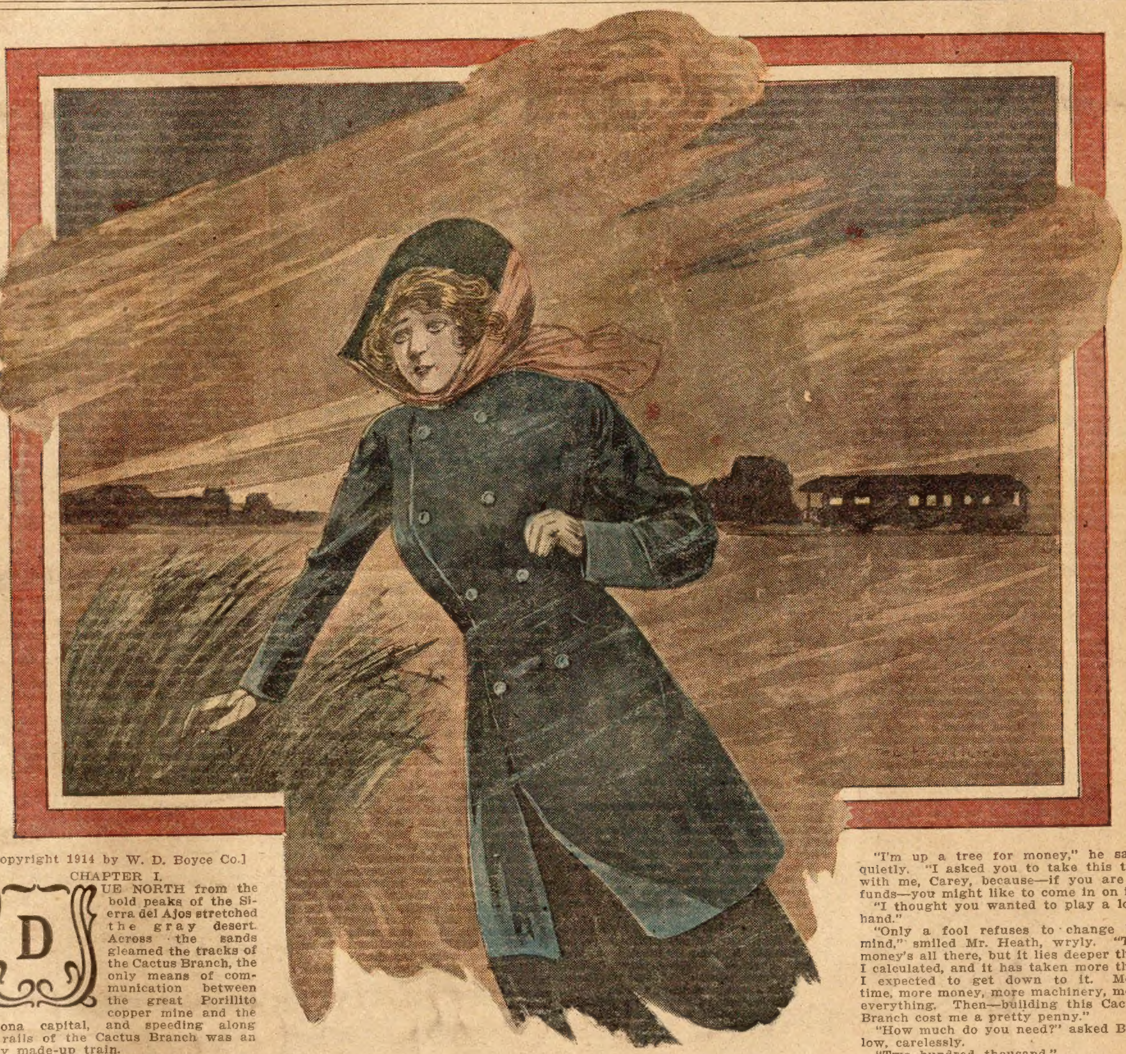

The Wreck of the Golconda

By B. Mackie

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CHAPTER I.

DUE NORTH from the bold peaks of the Sierra del Ajos stretched the gray desert. Across the sands gleamed the tracks of the Cactus Branch, the only means of communication between the great Porillito copper mine and the Arizona capital, and speeding along the rails of the Cactus Branch was an oddly made-up train.

First, a modern, powerful locomotive; next, a shabby, old caboose, followed by a long string of empty ore cars bound for Maricopa to pick up freight for the mine; and tailing on behind was Peter Heath's luxurious private car, Golconda.

The owner of the Porillito mine stood on the observation platform of the Golconda and thoughtfully watched the mountain peaks melt into the distant purple shadows.

Peter Heath was not thinking of the ragged holes in the hillside where his men burrowed like rabbits and his machinery snorted from sun to sun. He was not thinking of Nan, his daughter, sitting alone in the drawingroom section. Nor was he frowning at the prospect of several hours' tedious ride over the Branch line before they could reach Maricopa Junction. He was merely wondering if Carey Barlow would lend him $200,000.

Carey Barlow, standing beside the mine owner, may have shrewdly guessed what it was on the tip of Mr. Heath's tongue to say, for the young man's secretive mouth became more tightly folded into adamantine lines of resolve. He waited for Peter Heath to speak. After that he would name his Price.

But Peter Heath hesitated. Already he had sunk a fortune in the copper mine, and now he was only on the eve of getting tangible results. More money was needed for development purposes, and he must borrow it at once if the rich stores of mineral were to be uncovered. Thousands of men would have laughed at the idea of Peter Heath needing money; but it was an actual, cold, unpleasant fact. So grave had become the situation and so closely welded were all of Heath's financial interests that if he could not raise the necessary amount within a few days he must shut down the mine, and with the fall of that would crash every other enterprise in which he was interested.

Grave as was the situation, still he hated to ask a favor of Carey Barlow. Yet he had had that young millionaire in view when he invited him to inspect the property; and Peter Heath suspected that his astute guest surmised that the visit to the Porillito property was not merely a pleasure trip.

Carey Barlow became impatient.

"You've got all kinds of money back there." He nodded at the receding mountains.

Mr. Heath turned his handsome countenance toward the other.

"You can see it, eh?" he queried.

"Sure thing."

The mine owner carefully lighted a cigar and blew a cloud of smoke.

"I'm up a tree for money," he said, quietly. "I asked you to take this trip with me, Carey, because—if you are in funds—you might like to come in on it."

"I thought you wanted to play a lone hand."

"Only a fool refuses to change his mind," smiled Mr. Heath, wryly. "The money's all there, but it lies deeper than I calculated, and it has taken more than I expected to get down to it. More time, more money, more machinery, more everything. Then—building this Cactus Branch cost me a pretty penny."

"How much do you need?" asked Barlow, carelessly.

"Two hundred thousand."

"I guess you can let me in."

"Good!" exclaimed Heath, relieved. "You won't regret it, Carey. The Porillito is a bottomless pit of money."

Carey Barlow made no reply. He was wondering how to frame the remark that would let Peter Heath know that he must pay a Price for the favor.

Suddenly he tossed his cigar over the railing and turned toward the door. "I'm going inside to talk to Miss Heath," he flung over his shoulder, and was gone.

For a long time Peter Heath stood there motionless, staring with unseeing eyes at the shimmering heat waves rising from the burning sand. In the east strange mirages came and went in the clouds and finally were blotted out in masses of purple gloom. A hot wind moaned across the desert, adding to the discomfort of the sultry afternoon. Suddenly Peter Heath sighed sharply and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"I hope—I hope he doesn't feel that it should count in his favor with Nan," he muttered, uneasily.

CHAPTER II.

WITHIN the drawingroom, Nan Heath leaned against the window and looked dreamily at the changing clouds is the eastern sky. Long, gray-black filmy fingers were creeping over the pale blue and primrose of the zenith, and blotting every bit of color out of the landscape.

The car flashed past strange, fantastic groups of cacti, wind-distorted cottonwoods, or clumps of mesquite. It was a drear, unfriendly land, and yet Nan Heath was loth to leave it, for it sheltered one she loved. She sighed as she remembered that the train would soon arrive at Maricopa, and then the Golconda would leave her ill-assorted escort and be switched onto the main line for Phoenix and the East.

Nan's blue eyes clouded at the thought of leaving the desert behind. Somewhere down here was a man—a man whom she had won and lost; a man whom she knew to be the soul of honor—the best, the bravest, the truest—and yet her father had called Miles Landon "a penniless English adventurer," solely on the testimony of Carey Barlow.

It was unlike her father to be so unjust, and his sending away of Miles Landon was the only cloud that had ever come between father and daughter.

Nan closed her eyes and saw the slow, tired smile that had curved Landon's white lips as he bade them good-by. There had been a dazed look in his face—perhaps that was why he did not respond to Nan's eyes pleading for a word with him before he went.

So he went away without a word—simply dropped out of sight, and his name had never been mentioned between Peter Heath and his motherless daughter. A word had been dropped in Nan's hearing that Miles Landon had bought a sheep ranch somewhere on the Maricopa Divide, but the report was unverified.

Soon the train would run along in the shadow of the Maricopa range, and Nan's heart beat faster as she wondered if somewhere there on a lonely hillside Miles Landon might not be looking down and happen to see the lights of the train snaking along the desert—or again, perhaps she might glance up and glimpse a faint spark of light that marked his simple ranch house? Neither one could really know that the other was near—and yet—yet the telepathy of love——

Lights flared suddenly in the section, and Carey Barlow's form was reflected in the polished glass of the window. He sat down at the table and looked at her.

Nan swung around in her chair, and her lovely face, softly flushed with rose, was strangely tender with recollections of Miles Landon. Carey Barlow leaned across the table and laid his well-manicured finger tips on her little white hand.

"Ah, don't!" he protested, when she drew her hand away. "Nan, be good to me, dear. You know I love you—won't you give me the answer I want?" His eager eyes sought her face, from which the color slowly drained, leaving it white and wistful.

"I am sorry, Mr. Barlow," she faltered. "I haven't any love to give."

"You mean—" he choked a little and his voice suddenly broke in strangled fury—"I suppose you mean all the love you have belongs to Miles Landon?"

Nan did not reply. She arose from her chair and would have passed him, but he adroitly stepped into the passage so that her way was blocked.

"You are less of a man than I thought," she said contemptuously.

"Less a man than Miles Landon," he am not too insignificant to loan your fasneered jealously. "I suppose so, but I ther a couple of hundred thousand."

"I was not aware that you had done so," was her icy rejoinder.

"He has just asked me—it is to save him from utter ruin. Contemptible as I am—worm of the dust—a nonentity in your eyes—I am powerful enough to grant him a fovor! Why do I do it?" he shrilled at her.

Nan's fingers clinched tightly and she leaned against the partition for support. Her eyes were very bright, and Barlow could not guess that her knees were trembling.

"Why am I doing this for your father?" he repeated.

She shook her head.

"Because I love you. I am doing it for you alone. If you won't marry me, I shall drop the whole matter, and he can go to the poorhouse," he ended brutally.

"Does my father know that—that I am the Price?" she asked in a still cold voice.

"He probably understands it, but it has not been mentioned in so many words, and it must not be voiced. He must understand how I feel about you. I have dogged you about the world for two years——"

"Without encouragement," she interrupted, with a level glance at him.

"That is true," he admitted. "But, ah, what is the use of argument? I love you, Nan, and I can make you the happiest woman in the world. You will never want for anything that money can buy, and your father, Nan, can draw upon me to the limit."

A fine smile curled Nan's pale lips.

"I am not accustomed to hearing my father mentioned as needing financial assistance," she said proudly.

"The mine has crippled him. If I come to the rescue, it will save the situation for him. He's head over ears in difficulties now, and can't raise a penny without exciting suspicions that would entail loss of confidence that would blast every other enterprise with which he is connected. He is an old man, Nan, and it will break his heart to fail now. With my help he can end his days in the affluence to which he is accustomed."

"And I am the Price?" asked Nan, slowly. "You will not save my father from ruin out of gratitude for his goodness to you? Did he not take you, the son of his old friend, and so forward your interests that you are today much richer than my father himself? Is that your gratitude—that you ask him to sell his daughter to you in return for a favor?"

Barlow winced, but when he answered his tone was dogged. "I have nothing more to say," he muttered.

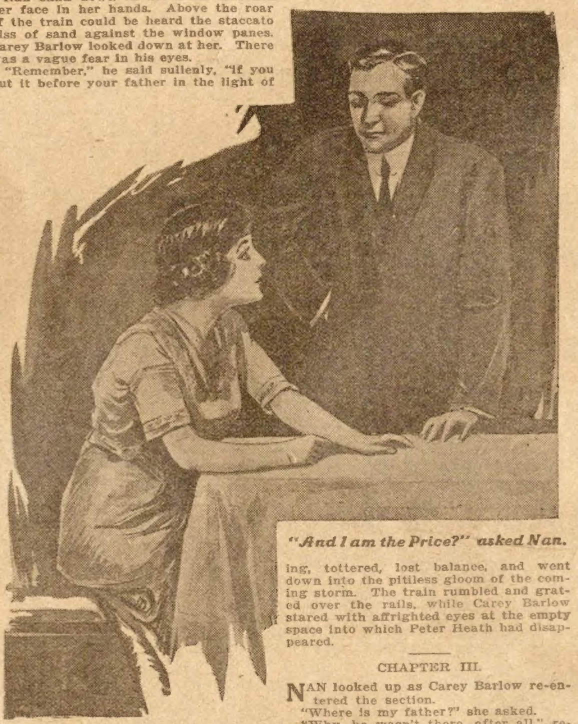
Sudden tears blinded Nan's eyes.

"I will go to my father," she said, with a pitiful attempt at dignity. "If it is to be so, I must first tell him something. Please allow me to pass."

"Sit down, dear," urged Carey Barlow. "I will send your father in here. There is some sort of a storm brewing—listen to the sand against the windows?"

Nan sank down in her chair and hid her face in her hands. Above the roar of the train could be heard the staccato hiss of sand against the window panes. Carey Barlow looked down at her. There was a vague fear in his eyes.

"Remember," he said sullenly, "if you put it before your father in the light of a—a bargain—why, the deal with him is off!"



"And I am the Price?" asked Nan.

"I understand," said Nan, shuddering.

Then Barlow went away.

Out on the platform he found Mr. Heath preparing to re-enter the car. Across the desert from the southeast could be seen a white cloud of sand driven before the merciless wind.

"Sandstorm," remarked the older man.

"Looks like it," agreed Barlow, nervously.

"Hope it doesn't tie us up. I want to get into Maricopa before eight, so as to reach Phoenix in time to hitch onto the Daylight Express. Better come inside, Carey. I was caught in one of these storms years ago, and it's no joke.

"It won't be on us for a few minutes yet. I want to speak to you, Mr. Heath," said Carey Barlow, and as they steadied themselves on the swaying platform, he went on hurriedly: "I have just asked Nan to marry me—I hope you have no objection."

"What did she say?" demanded Heath sharply.

"She is willing—won't admit that she cares a lot for me, but I believe I can make her happy."

Peter Heath breathed gaspingly in the sultry air. The flying grains of sand were adding to the oppressiveness of the air. He clutched the railing rigidly. The train was rocking uncertainly on the san-covered rails, and its speed was diminishing by jerks.

"Did you mention the matter of the loan?" he asked at last.

In spite of his caution to Nan, Carey Barlow found himself answering Mr. Heath's question.

"It came out in the course of conversation," he confessed sullenly.

"It was after that she consented to marry you?" persisted Mr. Heath.

"Naturally," was Barlow's bitter reply.

"I have never regarded my daughter as a marketable commodity, Carey. I am less a financier than a father," was Heath's curt reply. "Please consider that my application for a loan is withdrawn."

"You will go utterly to smash, and I'll help send you there," raged Barlow.

"At least I will be out of your company," retorted Heath grimly.

Carey Barlow glared helplessly at the stern, white-haired man, who had not only been a second father to him, but who had set him on the high road to fortune. How dared Peter Heath fling his money back in his face when money meant so much?

Murder leaped in Barlow's heart like a red flame of desire, and when the train jerked so suddenly that Peter Heath lost his balance and fell perilously against the railing, Carey Barlow's hand was reached out to push him over.

The tall old form swayed over the railing, tottered, lost balance, and went down into the pitiless gloom of the coming storm. The train rumbled and grated over the rails, while Carey Barlow stared with affrighted eyes at the empty space into which Peter Heath had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

NAN looked up as Carey Barlow re-entered the section.

"Where is my father?" she asked.

"Why, he wasn't there, after all," returned Barlow, with a ghastly smile. "He must have passed through the corridor and out of the front door. Very likely he has gone up the train to the caboose—I heard him say something about speaking to the conductor."

Nan stared incredulously.

"Father cross all those ore cars on a moving train?" she questioned doubtfully. "He would hesitate to do that in broad daylight, and now it is quite dark. Please look on the front platform while I search the compartments. Oh, I am afraid—afraid!" she muttered to herself, smiting her palms together.

Without waiting to see whether Barlow obeyed her request, she went to one section after another of the palatial car, leaving no corner unsearched. There was no trace of the mine owner nor of Kline, the negro porter in charge of the car.

As she went back into the drawing-room, a screaming fury of wind greeted her from the door into the front vestibule. As Barlow slammed the door shut, the car rocked drunkenly on the track, slid jerkingly along the gritty rails, and finally came to a shuddering standstill.

Now the sand was flying against the windows like hail, and in the midst of the din and clatter Carey Barlow raised his voice:

"He has no doubt gone forward, and is snug and safe in the caboose," he assured her.

"Kline is missing, also," said Nan anxiously.

"I heard Mr. Heath give him permission to ride in the caboose—we are due to dine in Maricopa, you know, and your father said Kline wouldn't be needed."

"It doesn't seem like father to take such a dreadful risk—to cross those rocking ore cars in the face of this terrible storm—why, it would be a difficult feat for an experienced trainman to accomplish, Mr. Barlow," Nan appealed to him for reassurance.

"Believe me, Nan, there is no other place for him to be," he hastened to say.

Nan went to the front vestibule and pressed her face against the glass in the door.

"I see no lights ahead, Mr. Barlow," she called uneasily.

"The sand flies so thickly," he explained.

"We seem to be stalled here—probably father will walk back and join us," remarked Nan, hopefully.

At this unwelcome suggestion Carey Barlow went to the back platform and looked through the window into the black night. How was Nan Heath to know that if her father ever came back it would be from the stretch of track behind and not from the caboose ahead? Carey Barlow hoped that Peter Heath would never come back.

All at once the sand ceased pattering against the windows and the roar of the wind gradually subsided. Suddenly a great stillness fell upon the car. Cautiously Nan opened the door and peered forth into the clearing night.

Clouds raced across a star-strewn sky, and once a wan moon peeped out at the havoc wrought by the storm. In that white flash of moonlight Nan Heath saw something that caused her to utter a sharp cry of alarm.

CHAPTER IV.

GONE was the big engine—the shabby caboose with its friendly lights—the string of ore cars. Ahead of the Golconda were billows and waves of sand—the car was marooned there in the desert, alone.

Nan's cry of alarm brought Carey Barlow to her side.

What is the matter?" he demanded.

The girl pointed a shaking finger out at the empty desert. "The train has left us behind," she faltered.

"Great Scott!" Barlow's surprise was genuine this time. "It must be the matter of a broken coupling—probably the Golconda is jammed against the sand, and in trying to yank her after them the coupling parted. The chances are the train crew don't know about it."

"Father might be on the lookout now that the storm has ceased," reminded Nan. "I suppose there is no doubt they will discover it at once and return here."

"If the track is passable," returned Barlow. "I will go out and investigate."

He opened the door, and Nan followed. The air had turned bitterly cold, and another storm was brewing in the southeast.

By the aid of an electric pocket lamp they discovered evidence that the rear ore car had broken loose and left its rusty coupling attached to the Golconda.

"As soon as they miss us they are sure to make some attempt to find us—they will come as far as they can by rail and the rest of the way afoot," assured Barlow, hopefully, as he swept the narrow beam of light up and down the place where the tracks should lie.

"Ah, they cannot—they cannot come back, look at all the sand ahead!" cried Nan.

"If the wind changes it will sweep the rails clean again," said Barlow, uneasily.

"It will take hours for them to reach us, and I am worried about my father. Mr. Barlow, will you not go with me and search for him?"

Barlow stifled an exclamation. "My dear girl, where could we go?" he asked suavely. "We don't know just where to look."

"Let us follow the tracks ahead until we reach the train," suggested Nan, desperately.

"Absurd! See, another storm is coming up. We are lucky to have shelter from it." He turned toward the lighted car standing hospitably there in the darkness.

Nan slowly followed, her mind a chaos of doubt and fear. There was an element of mystery about her father's sudden disappearance. It had all happened so suddenly—Carey Barlow's unexpected proposal of marriage, with its underlying threat to her father's business interests; Carey's hasty departure and his offer to send her father inside; his long absence, and then the tardy announcement that Mr. Heath had undertaken the perilous and foolhardy trip along the wriggling ore cars to the caboose ahead. Even if the mine owner had decided to go to the forward end of the train, which was highly improbable in the face of the sandstorm, he would have spoken to Nan before he went.

"Unless—unless he felt some compunction about Mr. Barlow's proposal of marriage," she thought tearfully.

Standing once more in the car, Nan faced the little millionaire across the polished table.

"Mr. Barlow," she said firmly, "I do not believe my father went up to the caboose."

"You don't, eh?" he echoed blankly. "What do you believe, then? What is your theory of his disappearance? He certainly is not on this car."

"I am afraid he fell off the platform."

Carey Barlow paled.

"Nonsense!" he said impatiently.

"Did my father really say that he was going ahead to speak to the conductor?" persisted Nan.

"He gave me that impression," was Barlow's dogged reply.

With a little despairing gesture the girl left him and went to her own room. Locked within, she fell upon her knees and prayed for her father's safety. Then

"Detective Keeneyes' Craft; or, The Delemere Mystery," a remarkable detective story, by J. Breckenridge Ellis, next week. If you want to read something really interesting, don't miss this story.

she arose and slipped a light rubber coat over her thin gown, and winding a chiffon scarf about her dark hair, she stepped into the darkened passage.

The door of her father's room was ajar, and she entered it and took from a cellarette a small flask of brandy. With this in her pocket, she went softly down the passage and looked into the drawingroom.

Carey Barlow sat at the table. Before him were bottles and glasses. He was reading a newspaper and drinking slowly. Suddenly he bent over the paper and stared at a paragraph with startled eyes. Hastily he folded the newspaper and glanced around as if seeking a hiding-place.

From his pocket he produced a knife that contained a screwdriver. With this handy little tool he removed four screws from one of the Circassian walnut panels between the windows, and in the aperture he flattened out the newspaper and replaced the panel. As Nan watched this elaborate concealment of the newspaper, she became suddenly aware that the room was redolent of the odor of liquor, and she realized that if Carey Barlow was not now intoxicated, he soon would be. That was his weakness.

She had prepared herself to steal forth in search of her father—now, added to that desire, was the longing to escape from the vicinity of the unscrupulous man in the drawingroom.

Nan slipped into the rear vestibule, closing the door noiselessly behind her. In an instant she was on the platform. The iron gate was locked, but it could not prevent her departure. Nimbly she climbed over the barrier and swung herself to the steps, thence to the yielding sand below.

Immediately about the car the lighted windows cast a yellow glare on the sand. Beyond that radius was the inky blackness of another approaching storm. Already the sand particles were whipping her face like the stings of a lash. She drew the chiffon veil over her face, entirely covering it.

Nan hurried away from the car, keeping as close as possible to the place where she believed the buried tracks must lie. Occasionally she came to a place where the wind had swept the rails bare, and then the slip of steel or the pressure of wooden ties under foot revealed that she was on the right path.

Every now and then she stumbled over a sand hillock, and at such times she would pause and thrust fearful hands into it to probe its depths; the fear that her father had fallen from the platform of the moving train now obsessed her. Occasionally she raised her voice and called him.

"Father! Father!" and her words sounded strangely muffled on the sand-filled air. She strained her ears for an answering call, but it did not come.

"Of course, if he fell from the car, it might kill him," she sobbed as she stumbled on, "but I must find him, I must."

The next time she stumbled she sank wearily down on the pile of sand. The rising wind was wailing eerily among the dunes, and the sand was flying in thin sheets that rattled against the smooth surface of her rubber coat.

Presently another sound mingled with the cry of the wind. It was a human voice calling—calling her name. She listened breathlessly. It was not her father's shout, and yet who else could it be? Suddenly the bitter realization swept over her. It was Carey Barlow, of course. He must not find her now.

Nan arose and went on, fleeing now, instead of pursuing the slow search she had intended for her father. Carey Barlow's voice grew louder and more distinct in terms of endearment. Nan shuddered and staggered on, now careless that she had wandered away from the tracks. Her one thought was to hide from her pursuer. She was more afraid of the intoxicated millionaire than she was of the darkness and horrors of the uncharted desert in a sandstorm.

At last she fell exhausted in the lee of a tall sand dune. The second storm was sweeping up with hurricane force and rapidity.

Barlow's voice grew desperate in its pleading, and at last when it ceased, Nan concluded that, warned by the approaching storm, he had turned back to the safety of the car. In the darkness her lip curled scornfully. She remembered a man who would have braved the horrors of death rather than to have left a woman out in the storm.

Suddenly the storm was upon her. Crouching low against the sand dune, her face protected by the ample folds of the thick veil, Nan Heath, the petted daughter of the great mine owner, kept her lonely vigil in the Arizona desert..

She was thinking of her father, lying, perhaps dead, beneath the smothering sand. Again she thought of Miles Landon, and she longed for the cool, firm touch of his hand and the reassuring sound of his voice. She broke into sobs of loneliness and despair.

The wind howled fiendishly and sent the sand in stinging sheets across the desert, sometimes swirling it into fantastic shapes, or again flattening it into rippling waves and hollows. The big sand dune that sheltered her gave of its substance to the hungry wind, only to have it whirled into a covering for the quiet, huddled human form.

When, for the second time, the storm suddenly ceased and the pale moon peered forth again, it shone on a strangely rounded hillock of sand—but the girl was nowhere to be seen.

The conclusion of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

Many a woman loses a good friend when she acquires a poor husband.

MAD MAGIC AFLOAT

Or, THE SHIP OF ILL OMEN

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 28, July 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOUNDED MAN.

FURTHER words were spoken in the locked room, two men carrying on a conversation, but not a word was to be understood by me, listening outside. After that one significant remark in English, all was in a language I had never heard. The words fell without meaning for me, but it was something that I knew two men were there.

It was more that one of the voices was deep and strong, and the other strangely soft and melodious. In its softness it recalled the Spanish and Italian tongues, but was neither. Suddenly remembering the carved bone under the table and my theory as to its origin in the Southern seas, I wondered if the second speaker was from that region.

I was making no advance by listening, and as I might be discovered by Torrington at any moment, I had my choice between calling to the unseen persons and leaving. Not being certain of their standing in the ship, I decided to leave, and did so.

The situation was bewildering to me. If the unknown men had been kidnaped, why was it done? Why was Althea kidnaped, and why myself? Here, as I believed, were three different parties who had been stolen from the land, and all were strangers to one another.

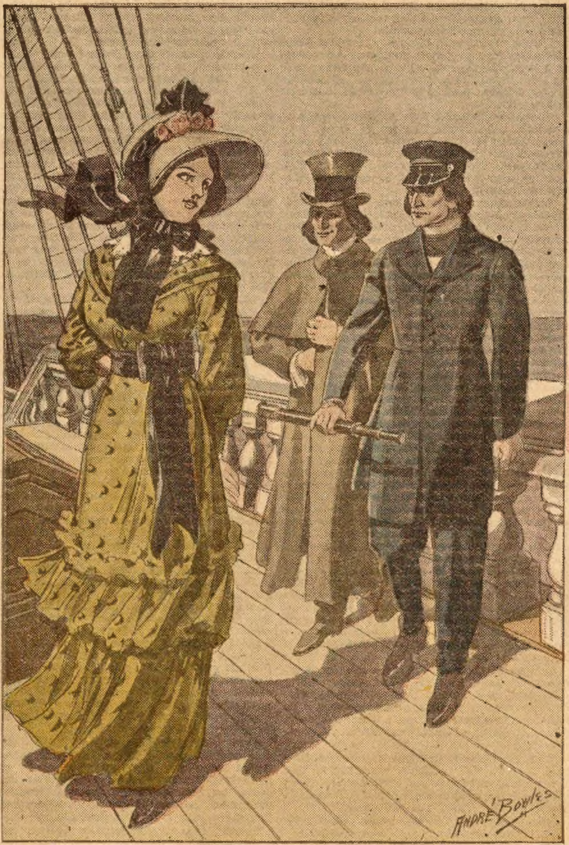
What was the purpose of this wholesale kidnaping?

To guess the answer was impossible, and I conceived the idea of going on deck and mixing with the foremast hands. They had seemed as talkative as sailors usually were, and something might be let drop from their lips. I went according to this plan.

The Gak-el-Zinto was still going gallantly before the quartering breeze, its weight bellying her sails until they might almost have served for drumheads. She made a pretty picture as she cut the water and sent it tumbling along her sides in a riot of white foam, and it was all the better for the sailors that no rope required pulling and no yard to be swung. While that breeze drove and we held our course, it would continue to be so.

I gave but a quick glance at the ship, for my interest was now in human beings. A man whom I later knew to be Emerson, the second mate, was in charge of the deck, a tall, thin individual with a face wholly unreadable. I passed him by and looked for the cabin party. The group was there—Althea, her maid, Captain Torrington, the Professor, and Monsieur.

All of the men except the Professor were paying tribute to Althea. They hung over her, talking steadily, evidently pleased to have her company, but she was a very unresponsive companion. She stood where she could watch the sea off our bows, and her regard seldom wandered. Poor child! She was trying to sight her uncle's ship. I could have taken my oath freely that the captain's story was all a falsehood. No arrangement had been made to meet another ship at noon, and Althea, kidnaped, was being further misused by the lie. It would be a miserable hour for her when she realized the truth, though she probably suspected it already.



"If I were you I would not risk injuring my eyes.

Again my rank as steward barred me from the circle, and I made my way toward the capstan, where the watch was idling. The men looked at me with careless curiosity. Nobody spoke, but one of the party, the oldest man of all, gave me a civil nod. It seemed that I was in a fair way of breaking the ice in one quarter, but just then a call came from aft.

"Steward!"

I turned and saw Emerson looking at me. He beckoned, and I went to his side. For the next five minutes I was answering questions about the ship's stores—something the cook might easily have told him—and he was ostensibly anxious to know if we were as well found as had been ordered. I gave the eatables a good name, and hoped soon to be done with it, but after he had said his say, the mate directed me to go below and occupy myself with duties connected with the stores.

I went, but I was not deceived. Emerson's talk was a pretense, and that and my present errand a device to keep me away from the foremast hands.

Philosophy is a good friend to him who can practice it, and I lost no part of my composure at this rebuff. Since I was not to be allowed association with the hands, I would wait. Information was bound to come in due time. Anyhow, what did it matter to a shanghaied man whether he sailed northeast or southeast?

Noon drew near, and as it was the hour when Althea was either to be carried within sight of her uncle's ship or cruelly deceived, I awaited the time with great interest. In the Gak-el-Zinto the cabin party never had dinner until one o'clock, and that gave me chance to slip up to the deck before noon and look and listen.

Going, I found the group there as before. Torrington had a glass and was sweeping the sea off our bows, while Althea stood by his side, her face sad and downcast, and her own eyes studying the prospect unaided.

"I don't raise her yet," Torrington remarked.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that we are where we should be?"

"Quite sure. You saw me take the sun a few minutes ago, and we have calculated to a nicety. Your uncle's ship should be here."

"But it is not!" she exclaimed, her voice breaking.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," interrupted Monsieur, "but we shall soon come up with the ship. We travel like the wind."

"Only a matter of time," added Torrington.

I saw the Professor smile as if greatly amused.

"But," she argued, "if we are right, how can my uncle be so wrong?"

"Possibly he feared pursuit and fell back on our secondary resort."

"I don't understand, sir."

"Did I forget to tell you that if anything miscarried the meeting was to be deferred until noon of tomorrow? Maybe I did forget, but I have felt very sure that we should see Captain West today."

Her gaze shifted from the sea to his face, and I found abundant suspicion in her regard. Previously, I had wondered if she knew so little of the sea as to believe that two ships could meet with the ease that an appointment may be made on land. I was to learn later that she had doubted from the first, and that this last statement wearied her of deceit.

"You are making yourself much trouble in the matter," she said, a tinge of sarcasm in her tones.

"I cannot do too much for my good friend West," was the gentle reply.

Here I had to take a run below to attend to my duties, but I was soon up again. It was twenty minutes past noon, and the water was dotted by no ship but our own. The skyline was a rim without a visible speck. Torrington was, however, still sweeping the sea with his glass.

"We may raise her at any moment," he observed, as if hopefully.

"Sir," Althea replied, with emphasis

that was really a sharp retort, "if I were you I would not risk injuring my eyes by looking any longer. You will strain them so that they might suffer if you really should see my uncle's ship."

Monsieur and the Professor smiled broadly, and even the callous Torrington was for the moment embarrassed. He speedily recovered his self-command and continued his pretense, but I had seen enough.

Althea was no longer deceived, and she was bearing her misfortunes bravely. I could afford to go below and finish my work there. Perhaps I had been on deck five minutes on this occasion.

Again entering the cabin, I was about to cross it and go to my pantry, when I was brought up short by an unexpected sight. On the floor, face downward, lay a man, and a little rivulet of blood was running down his thick neck.

It was an astonishing matter, but I thought I recognized him, and I hastened to turn him over. It was Barton, the chief mate.

I stood staring blankly. There was a wound in the back of his head, and it surely did not look like an accident. Nothing except a hard blow from some blunt instrument could have made a hurt like that. During my absence I had not been out of hearing of a cry. If one had been sounded I should have heard it, standing where I was.

Empty air does not strike dangerous blows, so it was evident that somebody had crept up behind Barton and given him a quieting rap.

My duty was plain. Again I went to the deck, and having the good fortune to catch Torrington's gaze only, I placed one hand on my lips and mysteriously beckoned with the other. He came readily, and in a few words I told him the outline facts.

He accompanied me to the cabin in silence, stood over Barton for a half minute with his eyes busy, and then, turning to me, and holding an unruffled tone, quietly asked:

"What did you hit him with?"

"I did not hit him, sir. I have told you I was on deck when it was done."

"You must have a long arm."

"I repeat, I did not do it. Why should I?"

"I sometimes hit men without any reason for it," the captain placidly returned. "It gives one's blood a better send. I don't blame you, though I shall probably hang you for doing it."

He bent over the unconscious mate.

"He is only stunned," I added.

"Unless his skull is cracked, and if it's as thick as his wits, there is no crack. Bring brandy from my room."

I went and opened the door, but as I looked inside I started back.

"Sir," I exclaimed, "did you leave things like this?"

Torrington's unfeeling composure vanished suddenly, and he started across the floor with long steps. His usual easy manner was shaken and his face hard. He looked where I was looking.

The stateroom was in utter confusion, the covers in the berth flung about wildly, the things on the little table massed confusedly, and even the charts torn from the wall and cast upon the floor. The scene was as astonishing as it was mysterious.

CHAPTER V.

THE CARVED DAGGER.

TORRINGTON was fierce of expression as he took all this in, but presently his mood changed, and he turned to me with an expression that was almost humorous.

"Did you find what you hunted for?" he demanded dryly.

"I hunted for nothing," I replied curtly. "I have not been inside your room since you were last here."

"Plainly, I have got to hang you," he added composedly. "You will find it delightfully airy, swinging from the yardarm, and feel yourself lifted above your betters. A rope is a cheap cravat."

"You can believe me or not——"

"Thanks. I will avail myself of your permission."

He stepped back into the cabin and cast a keen glance at the door in which I knew two mysterious men were closeted. Probably he wished to try the lock, but my presence kept him away. Just then Barton stirred and opened his eyes.

"Better get up!" advised Torrington. "You will soil your clothes."

The mate struggled to a sitting position. He looked at us stupidly for a moment, and then carried a hand to his injured head.

"A vile lick!" he growled.

"Our steward hits like a mule," the captain commented.

"Steward be blowed!" snapped Barton. "What had he to do with it? He was on deck. Who the blazes hit me?"

"Wasn't it the steward?"

"No."

Torrington abruptly crossed to the locked room, tried the door, and found it fast. Then he wheeled upon Barton again.

"Tell me what you know about it!" he ordered.

"Well," the mate explained, "I left my room and stepped into the cabin. As I did so I saw this steward ascending to the deck; saw him plainly. No mistake as to his identity. The next moment I got a knock on the back of my head that was like a thunderbolt. The next thing I knew I came to with you here, sir."

The captain knit his brows into a thoughtful scowl. All disposition to make light of the affair was gone, and he was taking it seriously. An assault of such a nature aboard ship was a grave occurrence at any time, and perhaps more so with this captain and crew.

"Had you heard anybody about?" he pursued.

"I heard somebody moving a good bit before, but supposed it to be the steward. I saw nobody."

"And you, steward?" Torrington demanded, wheeling upon me.

"I have seen no intruder in the cabin section, sir," I answered. "If I heard one I'm not aware of it. Moving about and doing my work I made some noise, of course, and it may have deadened other noises."

"Barton, the rapping of you over the head is not all. My stateroom has been gone over as if by a gale. Somebody has been there to find something, and the whole of my belongings have been tossed about helter-skelter. What the blazes does it mean?"

Barton slued an eye toward the locked door.

"No!" Torrington pronounced.

"Then, sir, we have got a dangerous intruder in the Gak-el-Zinto. A spy, an enemy, a——"

"Exactly!" he interrupted. "We have an enemy here, and I should say he was a bad one. He has scored on you, Barton, but his day is short. Must be a foremast hand. We shipped one fellow too many."

"I warned you, sir, not to have means of communication between the fore and aft quarters below. This ship is planned like a cheese-box—it's easy for maggots to pass from forecastle to cabin."

"The carpenter shall close all means of communication. But—what the deuce did that prowler want? I have no valuables in my cabin. And notice how open he was! Flung things about like marbles. No attempt at secrecy. Ever know a like case aboard ship?"

"Never, sir! Sneak thieves I've heard of, but a case like this, never!"

"We will investigate, learn who it was, and hang him."

"It may not be so easy to learn."

"We've got to!" and the captain brought his hands together sharply.

I said nothing. I was enjoying this disturbance. It made me very cheerful to know that a man was in the ship who was no friend to Torrington. Possibly I would later find a helper in that same unknown.

The clock struck two and the captain aroused. He took Barton in hand, ordered me to bring warm water, and dressed the mate's hurt hastily, though skillfully. Barton was a trifle shaky, but he was of the sort to carry off an injury lightly.

Torrington soon had me at my usual duties, and I was left alone in the cabin. I was moving about and wondering greatly at what had happened when my gaze chanced to stray to a point under the table. Then I made a discovery. The elaborately carved bone that had so much interested me was no longer there.

I was wondering if it had been removed by the captain when I recalled the mysterious intruder. Granted that he was there for plunder, he might have noticed the strange object and seized upon it as a trophy.

Desiring to make sure it was gone, I went down upon my knees and peered into the rather dark recess among the lower rigging of the table. I did not see the carved bone, but something else was there and I came up holding it.

It was a dagger with a six-inch blade and a bone handle shaped like a cross, and over all parts ran carvings on the same plan as the missing bone, though the designs were wholly dissimilar. For a moment I stood holding it, wrestling with a new perplexity. Had the dagger been there all the while, or had the thief of the bone accidentally dropped it while picking up the bone?

More than ever it was clear that I was in a strange ship and among strange people. Mystery walked abroad in the Gak-el-Zinto, and I felt that it could not be explained under any simple theory. Anything and everything was to be expected from the gang that filled the ship fore and aft.

It was no time to study over perplexities. I had wanted a weapon, and I had one, such as it was. I thrust the dagger into a pocket and was about to summon the eaters when a decided groan sounded in the locked cabin. I went to the door.

The impulse was almost overmastering to call to whoever was there, but I was not eager to so trespass on Torrington's scant humanity as to invite instant death, and I turned away.

The prisoners in the cabin must take care of themselves, for I was helpless.

Without further delay I summoned the cabin party, and Althea and her maid followed me so sharply that we were alone for a brief time. The young lady's face was pale and worried, but there was a new light in her eyes that told of a dauntless spirit under her troubled exterior. She fixed her gaze upon me and hurriedly whispered.

"These men are liars, cheats, desperate villain! They had no expectation of meeting my uncle's ship."

"I believe you," I replied briefly.

"Why have I been kidnaped?"

"Providence knows, but I don't."

"Can you—can we do anything?"

"At present, no; but I will search for honest men in the ship——"

"There are none. Would that knave of a Torrington have decent men about him in his villainy?"

That bit of logic sealed my tongue. It was only too true.

"We two," she pursued, "cannot fight a shipful of evil men."

"Perhaps we can do better. We will plot, and our chance may come. Let them touch land, and maybe we can secure a boat and get clear."

"Go to sea in a rowboat?"

"No, no; not that. We should be overhauled in short order. Land, however, has secret niches——"

Steps sounded in the companionway.

"I'll do all I can!" I added quickly.

"If you see the opportunity, ask me to help."

We could say no more, for the others were at hand, but I found it hard to hide my sudden exhilaration. She had been so sad and hopeless before that I was surprised at this display of courage. I saw that I would have a brave ally if I could see the way to strike for freedom. There, however, was the pinch—if I could see the way.

We were an inconsequential minority among desperate men. What could we do but submit to fate? That was the natural point to remember, but I had become a fervent plotter at heart. If I could see a way——

"Jerry!" called Captain Torrington.

I turned, saw that it was I who was addressed, forced back my wrath at being called "Jerry," and replied calmly.

"Yes, sir?"

"Hustle! We want to feed. Move your stumps! You see, Miss Leerick, Jerry is not the incapable steward one would think him, but he has been humored too much in another ship and well nigh spoiled. I am seeking to make a better man, a more useful man of him. Run lively, Jerry!"

I wanted to throttle him, for I was no servant of any man, but it would not do. I must cringe until I could bite.

The dinner was eaten without haste, and not once did Althea ask for information from deck. With the last hope gone, she gave no further heed to the talk about her uncle's ship. Despairing of meeting it, she had fallen back upon her own resources—and mine.

Looking on during lulls in my duties, I pondered further on the Gak-el-Zinto. Why had Althea been abducted? Why had I been served the same way? Why were prisoners kept in the locked stateroom? Here were three different parties, all strangers to each other, and all carried away to sea for a purpose I could not understand. As far as I was concerned, I could not comprehend why anybody should care to kidnap me.

After eating, Althea accompanied Torrington to the deck. Hannah, her maid, remained to eat with Emerson, the second mate. This girl was a strongly-built, buxom, determined-looking miss of American blood, and I liked her looks. If ever we did see our chance to try for freedom, Hannah had the pluck and the muscle to be of use.

When I next went on deck and sent a glance around the outlying waters, it was not to look for Althea's uncle's vessel, feeling that that craft was equivalent to a dream. Wherever it was, it was not to be expected in our course. I did, however, wish to see if any other ship was in sight.

There was none. The sunshine blinked on the waves, and they rolled in a gentle swell from skyline to skyline, but we seemed to be the only seagoers. The barren water disheartened me briefly. All things seemed to have conspired to make Torrington's schemes a success.

The sun shone, as I have said, but not with the blithesome radiance of early morning. The clouds that streaked the heavens sparsely had a color that, I well knew, was not liked by old sailors. Storms were bred in just such sky-streaks.

As the later day progressed this threatening aspect grew. The steady, sail-hollowing breeze became fitful, blowing gustily at one moment and then languishing presently, while the clouds thickened and wrapped themselves in livid hues I regarded with apprehension.

I was not the only one who noted this. Barton was at his post, in spite of his injuries, and I saw he was a thorough-paced seaman. He set us under shortened canvas, and held our way with our upper works so sheeted that a squall would not catch us unawares.

One matter perplexed me vastly. Barton and Emerson, the two mates, alternated watches, but neither ever approached Torrington for orders or consultation, and the latter hardly gave any attention to the threat of trouble from the elements. An odd captain, surely!

I was longing for further speech with Althea, but the chance did not come. She did not remain wholly on deck, but retired for some hours to her stateroom. At these times Torrington talked with Monsieur and the Professor, and seemed content.

Night fell with the entire sky black with thick clouds. They had piled up like ink-spot upon ink-spot, and the wind came out of them with alternate sighs and turbulent rustles. Under an uneven drive our sails slatted noisily and the blocks creaked, and while I listened to this discordant music, I thought I saw a bad night ahead.

I remained on deck for some time, and avoiding further attempt to speak with the sailors, drank in the advance of the storm. The smell of the sea, driven away from me by a few years on land, was back in my nostrils, and as I was no mean seaman, I studied both the outboard look and the furnishings of our yards. Granted that a squall or gale was to come, I wanted to know just how we were clothed aloft to meet it.

Barton and Emerson were both on deck, talking, as I supposed, of the elemental conditions, but when I started to go below I caught words of other import.

"How long," the second mate asked, "will your voyage be?"

"Every day of a month."

Here was a little light on the going of the Gak-el-Zinto, and light I did not like. I was not situated to listen, so I continued my way, went below, and stood amazed at the astonishing scene before me in the cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ENEMY'S GRASP.

IN MOVING so as to get the cabin under my survey, I had expected to see Althea and her maid, and possibly Captain Torrington. What I did see was certainly unexpected. Mistress and maid had evidently retired to their stateroom, but Torrington was there, and not alone.

Sitting face to face with him was a man I had never seen. Like the skipper, he was tall and slender, and even then I detected a shade of resemblance between them, but his face lacked the flippant smile that the captain so often showed. This man, keeping his position with hands in pockets and maintaining an air of ease, was nevertheless noticeable for an expression of dignity.

With that face I should expect him to go through the world, and all of its diversified scenes, with the key turned upon himself. In other words, he looked cool, confident, but sphinxlike.

Torrington was speaking.

"All you have to do, my dear Poindexter, is to act the gentleman passenger and eat three times a day."

"You mistake," the stranger answered calmly.

"Yes?"

"You mistake. I have more to do."

"What?"

"Kill you!"

It was said in an even tone, and there was not a trace of passion or excitement in the speaker's face, but in spite of his composure there was an undercurrent that told me he would make a bad enemy. If Torrington realized that fact it did not trouble him. He laughed merrily, almost winningly, I must confess.

"Your mistake dwarfs mine," he returned lightly. "You will do me no harm."

"We will see."

"So we will. Draw the teeth of a dog, and how will he bite?"

"Possibly you know more of dogs than I do, but I can assure you that I am not toothless."

"Wrong, Poindexter! You are in my ship, without a weapon, without a friend, except——"

He motioned, and the motion told what he meant. Now, I had followed all this with a measure of attention, but there was something more that held the greater part of my attention. Giving that attention, I was a perplexed and astonished witness.

In the center of the cabin a man sat tailor-fashion on the floor. The position was the least strange thing about him. He was a little short of middle life, tall and rather shapely, and, even then, suggestive of grace and lithe action. His hair was jet-black, his complexion a creamy brown, and under bushy brows his eyes, black, large, calm, and noncommittal, were, as I may well express it, like ebony in a dream. He wore a jacket and knee-breeches of black velvet, gray stockings, and, on his head, a rimless black cap with a tassel, much like a Turkish fez. His breast was covered with a shirt or vest of red, with a double band of green where the edges buttoned.

This oddly-attired person sat watching the speakers, and while he looked he smoked, but his face and eyes were alike unruffled. If he was interested he did not show the interest. He was another sphinx.

Poindexter promptly followed upon Torrington's pause.

"How many men," he asked, "in your crew?"

"All told, twenty-eight," the captain answered.

Poindexter motioned toward the brown man.

"I have more," he said calmly.

"You count your friend Ildrik high."

"I do."

"Perhaps it is your mind that he is equal to my twenty-eight?"

"More than equal."

"So be it," said the captain, laughing unconcernedly. "I wish you joy of your barbarian—Malay, Turk, Arab, or whatever he is."

"I shall have the joy," asserted Poindexter, evenly.

"Perhaps you and Ildrik will capture this ship?"

"Perhaps."

"Go ahead!" and again Torrington laughed. "The sea is a capital place for any such little diversion. There are other rats in the hold, I dare say."

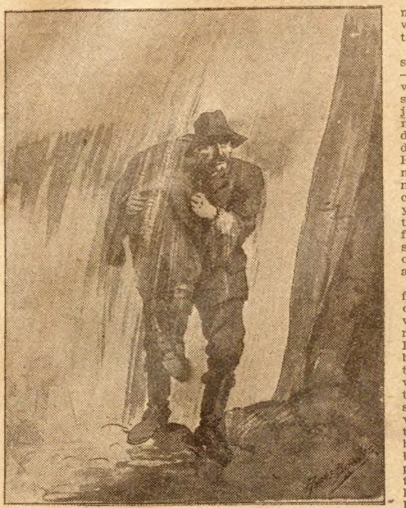
He looked at the brown man with a

(Continued on page thirteen.)

Southland Stories

WHY HE FEARED

By Hapsburg Liebe



"I took you to the falls and through 'em."

REVENUE OFFICER JOHN SIBLEY, a sunburned, smooth-shaven man of thirty-five, walked softly into, his superior's office and stood silently waiting. Davenport looked up, nodded absently, and went on with his writing until he had finished the letter; then he sat back in his chair and faced Sibley.

"You sent for me?" asked the latter man, advancing a step.

"Yes," answered Davenport, continuing in his characteristically deliberate manner. "I want to put you on the trail of the last moonshiner in the Big Laurel Mountain section. He's dodged the officers in that territory for so long that I have decided to send you, seeing that you are my most successful man."

Sibley's calm gray eyes took on a look of interest, and his mobile face flushed slightly at the scent of battle.

"Who is this Big Laurel moonshiner?" he asked.

"Jake Holloway."

"Will you please accept my resignation, Mr. Davenport?"

Davenport's jaw dropped in astonishment. "I know Holloway is a bad one," he admitted; "but I didn't think you'd mind, with the record you've got." Then he added coldly: "Is it a case of being afraid, Sibley?"

The man addressed felt the sting acutely. For a moment he was silent, although his gaze met that of his superior unflinchingly.

"Yes, it's a case of being afraid," he acknowledged presently, his words and the tone of his voice sounding strange to the other. "You don't know Jake Holloway," he went on evenly; "I do. I want to tell you about this man, Mr. Davenport. May I sit down?

"Jake Holloway is tall and lean, his hair and beard are as black as a crow's feathers, his eyes see everything a hawk's could see, and his nerves are as steady as the mountain on which he dwells. When I knew him, he did not live in the Big Laurel region, but in the neighborhood of the Chimneytop. I made but one trip in there; I went alone then, as a spotter—not a good word, but it's better than spy.

"Mid-afternoon of the day following that on which I left Johnson City found me riding in the heart of the enemy's country. The road was rough, and wound along beside a fair-sized stream; on either hand were mountains literally piled one on top of another, and covered with bowlders and trees, laurel and ivy, ferns and rattleweed. The shade was eternal because of the interlacing branches of the giant hemlocks that filled the bottom of the deep valley. Suddenly I became so filled with the same spirit of freedom that goads the mountaineer to daring that I wondered why the man of the hills was not even more defiant toward the law. Almost I regretted my mission there. You see, I was young in the service then.

"Then I crossed the shallow, sparkling stream—the rippling of which was so incessant that it seemed a part of the majestic silence, and found myself on a stretch of damp, brown sand a hundred yards in length. Here my horse, well shod, made not the slightest noise. And before I had covered the hundred yards of smooth going, there came to my ears from directly ahead the sound of sobbing—the catchy, pitiful sobbing of a child.

"I kicked my horse's flanks, and the animal obeyed, bounding forward willingly. A few rods farther up the road I came upon a small, barefoot boy in jeans trousers and cotton shirt, with a single suspender that had been made of some striped stuff; he was sitting flat among the stones, nursing a bleeding toe and rocking back and forth from the pain. Moved by sympathy, I dismounted and knelt before him. He looked up, his freckled, tear-streaked face now calm and defiant.

"'Who'n devil are you?'

"At this unexpected challenge I smiled. 'I'm a timber buyer of the name of Hamilton,' I answered, telling the necessary falsehood very smoothly. 'I'm also,' I added, 'a pretty fair sort of a doctor. Suppose we care for that toe of yours?'

"'Timber buyer nothin'!' the boy shot back at me unbelievingly. "You're a danged old revenuer, by grannies, that's what you are!'

"'Oh, no,' I denied, 'nothing of the kind. Here—let's wash that toe and tie it up; what say?'

"And, without waiting for the negative answer I knew would be forthcoming, I picked the youngster up bodily, carried him to the bank of the creek, and thoroughly cleansed the injured member. This done, I took from my pocket an unused handkerchief, tore it into strips, and converted it into a fairly respectable bandage.

"'What creek is this?' I asked, more to keep the boy's mind from the suspicion that I was an officer, however, than for any other reason.

"'It's Big Jake's Creek,' answered the child of the hills. 'Big Jake's my pap. It's pap's creek, by grannies.'

"And what is your name, little man?' I asked with old-fashioned Methodist preacher pleasantness, tying the last knot and rising to my feet.

"'Me? I'm Little Jake,' said the youngster, very proudly—and he was now more inclined toward friendliness, too. 'When I grow up, I'll be Big Jake, what I will, by grannies—and then jest maybe I won't make the danged old revenuers hum! Pap's pap was named Big Jake, and pap was Little Jake, used to be.'

"'History repeats itself,' I mused, continuing aloud: 'And I presume you will be glad when you get to be Big Jake?'

"'I'll be him when my time comes,' answered Little Jake, smiling. All his belligerent manner was gone now; I had worked my way into his good graces by my simple act of kindness. 'But then, a-course I cain't be Big Jake until pap he dies,' he went on; 'and a-course I don't want pap to die. I didn't tell you what pap's other name is; it's Holloway—Big Jake Holloway. Pap's awful strong, and he's the best shot in these here mountains, too, what he is, by grannies. I've seen him shoot a-many a gray squirrel's eyes out, what I have. Now, can you beat that for shootin'?'

"Holloway! I had heard the name—in fact, I had heard it so much that the mention of it took all the merriment from my feelings. The Holloways were the worst moonshiners in the Chimneytop country; they were desperate men, and written over the doors of their half-savage hearts was the boast that no Holloway had ever been arrested. And Big Jake Holloway was the king bee of them all.

"When I again looked toward the boy, I saw that he was waiting for me to say something.

"'No, I can't beat that for shooting,' I told him. 'You see, I'm only a timber buyer, and therefore not much of a shot. How far from here do you live, Little Jake, and is it up the road or down?'

"'Straight up the road,' said the youngster, eagerly; 'goin' to let me ride that thar hoss home?'

"Then, thought I, in this section it must be something of a treat to ride a horse. Sure, Little Jake could ride, and right in the saddle, too. I was rather stiff, and would much prefer to walk for a little way.

"I put the boy down a few yards from his own cabin door, shook his brown hand in good-by, and rode on into the silent mountains. When darkness came, I turned into a convenient cove, fed my horse from a bag of oats that I had brought on the rear of the saddle, fed myself on corned beef and crackers, and rolled in my blanket at the root of a great poplar, where I slept very well.

"Early the next morning I had a visitor. He was tall and slightly bent; his face was covered with a thin growth of very black beard, and his eyes gave one the impression that they saw everything. He was clothed in jeans trousers, cotton shirt, slouch hat, boots, and carried no rifle. Walking unhesitatingly up to me, he gave utterance to a single word of greeting:

"'Hi!'

"'Good morning,' I returned, as cordially as I could. 'I was just wondering,' I went on, 'where I could find a man to show me over the timber in these mountains. Could you act as a guide for me? A dollar a day.'

"The mountaineer removed his slouch hat and slapped it against his knee, laughing low.

"'Mister,' he said, 'that thar timber buyer dodge works with most o' folks; but it's as old to me as Methuselah's housecat. Why, Mister, you've got "revenuer" wrote all over you, when seen through my eyes. Say, now, I'm to you, I am; I'm in need of what you might call a little ready money, and I'll show you the biggest still in these here mountains for the small sum o' ten dollars. A-course I won't help you arrest nobody—but then I don't figger it out that you're anything but a spotter. Well, what's the talk, Mister?'

"Surely, here was a bit of luck, I thought. The mountaineer, I ruminated, would not dare betray me because of his own precarious position in the event the truth became known.

"'I'll take you up,' said I.

"'Then, urged my caller, 'you write a note a-sayin' that you've gone on a-walkin', and put it under the saddle of yore hoss thar, and turn the hoss loose and let it go back to town. Nobody won't bother the hoss, Mister; you needn't to be afeard o' that. We cain't take no hoss whar we're a-goin.'

"I acted at once upon the suggestion, and we set out across the mountains on foot.

"The man of the hills seemed to be possessed with seven-league boots. Never pausing even to talk, never stumbling, he led me over pine-fringed crests, along clifflike mountainsides, through ravines thicketed with laurel and ivy. Panting, I struggled on after my fleet-footed companion, ashamed to ask him to slacken his speed. Soon my head was aching, and my limbs trembling, from the unwonted exertion. The long hours dragged until the middle of the afternoon had come; then my guide raised a knotty brown hand as a signal for silence.

"'We're pretty nigh thar,' he assured me, as we started into a deep valley that yawned before us, and I gave vent to a long breath of relief at the tidings. 'Now,' he continued, 'we'll be in for it if you make any noise—them thar fellers down thar can hear a pin drap a hundred yards off.'

"'I'll be careful,' I replied.

"We began to walk softly, stooping that our heads might not be seen above the dwarfed laurel. I kept close upon the mountaineer now, within an arm's length of him, my eyes ever on the alert for moonshiners ahead. Soon we had entered the belt of eternal shade, and by that fact and by the gentle roar of falling water I knew the bottom of the valley was not far away.

"And the sound of falling water was the only sound we heard. There seemed to be something foreboding in the air. I put my hand on my companion's shoulder and halted him.

"'Say,' I whispered, 'it's too still for any good. Can it be that we've been seen?'

"'A-course not!' smiled my guide. 'A still don't make a noise like a sawmill, Mister. You leave it all to me and come on; and if I don't show you a still in ten minutes, I'll eat my old hat, I will, by Scotts!'

"So I followed—but with one hand ready to draw the big revolver I carried in a holster under my left arm.

"Soon we were kneeling on the top of a little cliff and peering cautiously over. Before us was an illicit distilling plant, smoking, but deserted; beyond it were the falls I had heard, a sheen of water as smooth as silk, which was some twenty feet in width and fell at least twenty feet. I turned to ask my guide a question concerning the absence of the moonshiners, when from the surrounding laurels there sprang into view four stalwart men armed with Winchester rifles, all of which were trained squarely toward my heart! I dropped my revolver to the ground, thinking it the wisest move, and raised my hands.

"'We've caught YOU, all right,' said the voice of the man who had brought me. 'Oh, you was easy, you was. Say, Mister Revenuer, you're shore in a tight place, you are. You——'

"'But—but—' I stammered, realizing that I was indeed in a tight place, when my guide in turn interrupted me. He seemed to have read my mind.

"'Well, what have you got to kick about?' he growled, with a quick wink at his fellows. 'I said I'd show you a still for ten dollars—and hain't I done it? I've kept my word, all right—hand me that thar rope, Frank.'

"The man addressed threw a bit of plowline to my erstwhile companion. The latter had soon bound my wrists securely behind me. Then they began to march me down to the creek, just below the falls, where stood a giant poplar with a great outstanding branch. I looked up and saw this branch, and the thing it suggested caused me to shudder. A long rope came into view, and I shuddered again. One of the moonshiners began to make a noose.

"'Hold, men,' I began to plead. 'This will do you no good; you will but add another reason to the reason the law already has for wanting you—and making whisky without a license is nothing when compared to murder. You can't fight the United States; you can't win. Mark my word: You will hang higher than I will—all five of you. I think—you had better be sensible.' The last of this speech was not so bravely spoken as the first; a tremolo had crept into my voice in spite of me.

"For I knew I stood within the very jaws of death—death in the most ignominious of all its forms, that of hanging. These men, unread, illiterate, did not look upon the taking of life in this instance as a crime; they regarded me as their bitterest enemy; they had drunk hatred for me in the milk of their mothers. Truly, it was a grave situation, and apparently no agency short of a miracle could save me. His voice shaking with rage, one of the moonshiners made a reply to my speech:

"'Why didn't you stay whar you belonged, 'stead o' comin' away out here to try to arrest some of us and make us pay our hard earned money—the little we've got—to the Gov'ment? We use our own stuff in makin' whisky; it ain't none o' the Gov'ment's business. The sooner we stop you infernal revenuers from comin' here the better it'll be for all of us; and we're shore a-goin' to make a' example of YOU.'

Another of them threw the rope over the outstanding branch; still another placed the noose about my throbbing neck. I tried to strike backward with my fists, tried to kick them with my feet, wishing to at least die fighting like a man; but the rope tightened, almost cutting into my flesh, and I stepped to a point directly under the branch that I might have a moment's relief.

"'Hold, men, for Heaven's sake!' I begged. 'I'm not a coward; I'll fight you all one at a time, or all together, or any other way you say. I'll——'

"'Shet up!' one of the moonshiners snapped. 'And if you've got any peace to make with the Almighty, git at it. Yore time to die has shore come, Mister.'

"I closed my eyes, and they smarted. A few words came to my tongue; I uttered them both awkwardly and soundlessly. I remember distinctly that I was glad, there on the brink of the dark abyss, that I had not been so wicked a man, after all; and I believed that the good deeds I had done would stand well in the great balance of justice against the bad ones.

"'Let the murder proceed, if there is no other way,' I told my would-be executioners; and the slender rope began to grow taut immediately.

"But just as it began to cut off my breathing there came to my ears, seemingly from nowhere, yet from everywhere, a quick, hard thud!—and the rope parted a few inches below the tree branch on which it had been swinging. The moonshiners, wondering at the strange noise, looked about them, but they saw nothing, and again turned their attention to me. With a low curse that the rush of the falling water almost drowned, one of them gathered up the two ends of the rope and tied them, afterward examining the line inch by inch. He found it strong, which made the peculiar break unaccountable to him. However, the rope was again thrown over the outstanding branch of the giant poplar, and again did I lift myself from the ground on my toes as the ten gnarled, muscular hands laid hold.

"Again the rope parted, being accompanied, as before, with the strange, thudding noise—and a dozen pounds' weight had not been brought to bear!

"A feeling of great thankfulness surged

(Continued on page thirteen.)

Dorothy Dayne, Rebel

Or, AN ENEMY OF THE KING

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER IX.

THE MAN WHO CAME.

NOT long after the discomfiture of Tiger Cunningham in the coffee house, his young adversary mounted the steps of the house by the river, and was received by Dorothy with transports of joy. But almost immediately her face paled, and she stood silent before her visitor.

"You are in the lion's den, Carroll," she exclaimed, as she led him into the well-curtained parlor, where she sat looking into his expressive eyes.

"It is not the first time I have dared the ire of the British beast," was the reply, and the speaker's mien told that his courage was at all times paramount. "Something told me that you were in danger, and——"

"As if danger did not always menace all patriots in New York!" she interrupted.

"I doubt you not, dear. I have just paid my respects to one of the King's myrmidons."

"And set the hounds at your heels?"

"I could not help it," returned Carroll Lee, with a smile. "To meet Tiger Cunningham was to show him that there is one, at least, who resents his boasts."

Dorothy leaned forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"I am prouder of you than ever," and her face glowed with love. "To look into the eyes of one who has not cringed to that monster fills me with pleasure. But tell me all, Carroll."

She listened attentively to his story of the encounter, her bosom rising and falling as the narrative proceeded, and at its conclusion she exclaimed passionately:

"There will be an aftermath, but what care we for it? They will beat New York for you, but the city has a thousand hiding-places——"

"All of which I shall scorn to use," he interjected. "I am not here fresh from Washington's camp to become a cowering beast. I have faced British bayonets on more than one field, and I delight to meet the enemy in the open."

There was a footfall beyond the door, and it opened to admit Prevost Grahame.

"Welcome, Lieutenant," he exclaimed, the moment his eye fell upon the young soldier. "It gives me pleasure to greet you. Dorothy here was about to set out upon a dangerous mission——"

"Could I not perform it?" eagerly asked Lee.

"If you will. I had none other at my service but Dorothy, and I reflected long before I chose her."

"Let me do it!" cried the beautiful Rebel. "If I cannot wrest from Doctor Satan the secret he possesses, who can?"

"I can and will!" cried Lee. "But who is Doctor Satan?"

"An old enemy of mine," was the response. "He is Louis Le Garde, a cunning, resourceful villain who stoops to theft when no honest means serve his purpose."

"But father——"

"If you will undertake the mission, anything I have in the world is at your demand."

Seeing that the two men wished to be alone, Dorothy rose and left the room. Grahame continued:

"This man who is known as Doctor Satan, probably because he learned treachery under the imp of perdition, has robbed me of a most precious packet which I had secreted with a man who promised to guard it as he guards his life. No other man than Le Garde would seek to despoil me. I was about to send Dorothy after the lost packet. Knowing her devotion to me, I felt that I could trust her."

"But to send her into the snare of Le Garde! Was it not a perilous mission?"

"For reasons best known to myself, I could not undertake the work in person. The time will come when I must have it out with this past master of villainy. There is Sicilian blood in his viens, and you know what that means. He has thrown more than one patriot into the hands of the wretch Cunningham, and yet he pretends to be with us and our holy cause. He is, in his way, the peer of Benedict Arnold in treachery. Justice will get them both in time."

"And Arnold before long."

"I feel it," cried Grahame, with enthusiasm. "Valcross tells me that Champe is to come."

"Yes. He has already pretended to desert our cause in the interests of liberty. Even now he may be in the city, and enrolled in Arnold's legion."

"It takes a brave man to do such a thing."

"There are none braver than John Champe."

"I have prepared a diagram of the traitor's abode," answered Grahame. "I am sure he can be taken and carried across the river to the gallows to which he sent the noble-hearted Andre. My whole life is wrapped up in this enterprise. Should Le Garde discover our plans, our doom will be swift and certain. But man cannot perish in a nobler cause."

"The cause of liberty is ever a holy one."

"Truthfully spoken!" exclaimed Grahame, with a smile. "But what brought you to the city at this time?"

"Two things—to see Dorothy and to assist Champe."

"One of these you have already accomplished, and the other lies before you."

"Now direct me to Le Garde's domicile, and we will see what Carroll Lee can do."

Grahame gave the necessary directions with eagerness, and when he had finished Lee rose to his feet.

"I must see Dorothy again," said he. "There is, as you know, a holy tie between us."

"And it has the blessings of God," fervently answered Grahame.

Dorothy was at the foot of the staircase when Lee emerged from the room. Their eyes met, and the young soldier sprang forward and took her in his arms.

"Are you really going to undertake the mission?" she asked, drawing off with a slight pallor.

"Why not? It is man to man, dear."

"But Doctor Satan is dangerous."

"So is the rattlesnake, but rattlesnakes have been killed before they stung."

"Be cautious, Carroll. A secret enemy is more dangerous than an open foe."

"I did not ask what the stolen packet holds," he replied.

"I have never sought its secret, but I believe it concerns me."

"That makes its recovery the more important."

"I—do—not know," said the girl, with hesitation. "There is a mystery about my life which Prevost Grahame sacredly guards. I have never intruded upon it."

"Which no doubt renders you dearer than ever to him."

"It must be so. He is a strange, mysterious man, a man with a past which to the world is a closed book."

A few minutes afterward Carrol Lee was on the street. The shades of night had already fallen, and here and there paced the sentries of the King. He knew that peril girt him round like a pack of wolves. He had made one new enemy since entering the British lines, and that one was to be feared. Cunningham would spare no means to net him for the defeat in the coffee house. The blow in the face had set the jailer's blood boiling, and, miscreant that he was, he could set the whole British army on his trail.

New York was not strange to Lee. He knew its nooks and crannies, its river front and the circle where dwelt the rich. During the American occupancy of the city he had become familiar with every spot. And now he was to plunge into new adventures for the sake of Grahame and Dorothy, to play his hand against one who was all cunning and villainy, Doctor Satan.

Lee for some time walked slowly, taking in everything in sight. His movements led him in the direction of Le Garde's house. He would first familiarize himself with the premises, and then strike.

It was an old house which soon presented itself to his view. Lee uttered an exclamation of joy when he observed it. Standing back from curb, which was lined with shade trees, almost leafless now, it presented a gloomy profile. The shutters were closely drawn, but not so closely as not to show him a glimmer of light in one of the upper windows.

Lee eagerly watched the place for some time. It seemed haunted, so dark and lonely it stood, for it had no close neighbors, and its air of mystery sank deep into the watcher's being.

Presently a cloaked figure came in sight, and Lee drew back into the shade of the greatest tree. The man's footsteps hardly sent forth a sound. The cloak he wore concealed his features, but Lee noted a soldierly step and a military poise. When near the house the man stopped and looked cautiously around. At that moment his face came on a line with Lee's vision.

"Benedict Arnold!" exclaimed the young soldier, under his breath. "Why is the traitor out at this hour?"

Arnold, for the cloaked one was really the hated wretch, suddenly sprang forward and opened the door of Le Garde's abode. In another moment he was inside. It was all done so quickly that Lee was dazed. The oaken portal closed upon the traitor's form, and then Dorothy's lover made another move. A minute later he turned up in the garden in the rear of the house. The back door yielded to his hand, and he was inside.

On the first floor all was dark. Lee stood in the gloom for a second and then found the staircase leading up from the hall. His feet made no sound on the carpet on the steps. A wild thought took sudden possession of his brain. Arnold the traitor was within his grasp! Why not forestall Champe? Lee was armed. Why not seize the traitor as he came down the stair, and conduct him at the pistol's muzzle to the house by the river? The very thought was fire in his blood.

CHAPTER X.

A COOL PROCEEDING.

CARROLL LEE soon forced the inspiration from his mind. He had come to the old house to deal with Doctor Le Garde, not with Arnold. The latter matter was in John Champe's hands, and Lee dared not interfere. Therefore he waited in the dark of the corridor which he had reached for the traitor to come forth. The stillness of the place grated upon his nerves. The rumble of carriage wheels startled him. He heard the vehicle stop in front of Le Garde's abode. The lower door opened.

"Wait for me, Charles," said a woman's voice, and then some one began to ascend the staircase.

Lee hugged the wall and held his breath. Le Garde was to have another visitor. There was a swish of garments near him, and he tried to pierce the space that separated them. The woman stopped within reach of his arm and drew a long breath.

There was a familiar sound in the voice which had assailed his ears, and his thoughts went back to his former military service in the city. Where had he heard those tones before? Ah, yes, he knew now. At the head of a few men he had search Vesta Telle's mansion, and her voice had never left him since that time. So she had come to Le Garde's house? The adventure was brimming with interest for the young soldier. Well, he could wait. The night was just beginning, and surely the Doctor's visitors would not remain till dawn.

The footsteps that pattered down the corridor stopped at Doctor Satan's door. Could he have penetrated the intervening darkness he would have seen Vesta listening near the lock. She stooped and applied her ear to the keyhole,

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"But she said a small amount of Grape-Nuts went a long way and that I must eat it according to directions. So I started in with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft boiled eggs and some crisp toast for breakfast.

"I cut out meats and a lot of other stuff I had been used to eating all my life and was gratified to see that I was getting better right along. I concluded I had struck the right thing and stuck to it. I had not only been eating improper food, but too much.

"I was working at the carpenter's trade at that time and thought that unless I had a hearty breakfast with plenty of meat, I would play out before dinner. But after a few days of my "new breakfast" I found I could do more work, felt better in every way, and now I am not bothered with indigestion."

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to start back a moment later with a little cry.

"What does the traitor here?" he heard her say. "What brings Benedict Arnold to this house of mystery and doom?"

She was leaning against the wall, holding her breath for very astonishment, with a fluttering heart in her bosom.

"This is not the place for me tonight," she went on, coming back to where Lee stood. "I have no use for the traitor," and with this she flitted near him and hastily descended the stair.

Dorothy's lover breathed free once more.

It was a long wait, but at length the closed door opened, and the light showed the form of Arnold as he came forth accompanied by Doctor Satan. Both men tramped down the stair and were soon talking at the door below. Now was Lee's time.

A bound took him to the portal that stood ajar. In another half-second he was in the lighted room. Two chairs drawn close to an oval table told him how confidential had been the conversation of the Doctor and the traitor. It caused a smile to ripple over Lee's face.

"I must be quick now," he said to himself, as he spied a desk in the corner of the room.

Thinking of nothing but his mission, he was soon rummaging through the contents of the desk. His fingers seemed to have eyes. Underneath a bundle of documents his hand came in contact with something oblong and solid. When he drew it forth he found a packet closely wrapped and bound with brass wire. His eyes snapped with triumph. Surely this was Grahame's treasure. This was the thing he valued as his own life, and he had found it so easily!

Lee quickly transferred his find to his pocket and closed the lid. No sooner had he done this than a step grated upon his ear, and he whirled to come face to face with Doctor Satan. The confrontation gave him a thrill. He saw the flashing eyes of Le Garde and stood firm.

"What want you here?" thundered the Doctor, advancing a step and pausing before the immobile Lee.

"Sit down," was the reply. "We have the whole night before us."

The young soldier was remarkably calm. As he spoke, he swept one of the chairs to the opposite side of the table, so as not to give the plotter any advantage, and watched him till he growlingly sat down.

"Now," demanded Le Garde, with wolfish mien, "what brought you here?"

"The cause we serve."

"But I know you not. Neither have I sent for you."

"Does no one come but those who have been invited?"

"I pick my associates," cried Le Garde. "And I am sure you are not on the list."

"No? Was General Arnold invited?"

At this Doctor Satan seemed to shrink within himself. He turned two colors in an instant.

"By the way," coolly continued Lee, "you've had another visitor tonight."

"How another visitor?"

"Madame Telle."

"I am ignorant of her coming."

"Doubtless, for, seeing that you were engaged, she went away without disturbing your tete-a-tete with the American traitor."

Le Garde leaned back in his chair and studied Lee's face. What sort of man was this? His sang-froid sent a chill through the Doctor's body.

"But you haven't come to the import of your presence in my house," he suddenly remarked.

"Really, my dear Doctor, do you want to know?"

"I have a right to demand it."

"On the theory that univited guests should always explain their actions?"

"Exactly."

"Very well. If you will look into yon desk you will find the explanation."

"You have robbed me," and Le Garde was rising to his feet, his face aflame with fury, when a pistol was thrust across the table and stared him in the face.

"My dear Doctor, you have been robbed and the plunderer sits before you."

Lee was never cooler in all his life. The mien of Louis Le Garde told him that he was dangerous. He thought what Grahame had told him of the man's Sicilian blood.

"What have you taken?" stammered Doctor Satan.

"An investigation will answer you."

Once more the man opposite essayed to rise, but the blue eyes before him, lighting up suddenly, admonished him to remain where he was, and he did.

"How goes our cause in New York?" continued Lee, like a cat playing with the mouse in her claws.

"Our cause?"

"Yes, the cause of American liberty."

There was no reply.

"You're a patriot, aren't you, my dear Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Yet you hold counsel with one who has just betrayed it."

"I have a right to talk with whom I please."

"American patriots don't, as a rule, hold converse with traitors."

Words seem to rise to Le Garde's lips, but his tongue did not give them utterance. He was pale again.

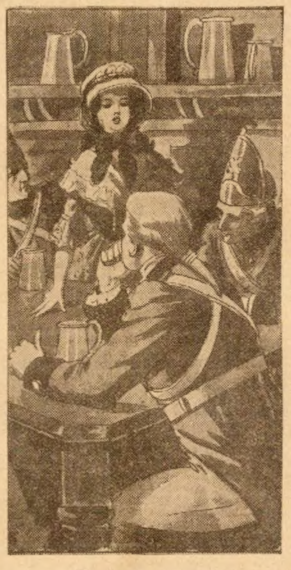
"A truce to this badinage," said Lee. "Doctor Le Garde, you have water buckets on both shoulders. You have betrayed the cause you pretend to love."

"It is false!"

"You have leagued with the King of England. You hobnob with liberty's foes——"

"Stop!" interrupted Le Garde, throwing up his hand. "I allow no one to insult me under my own roof."

"You don't, eh? First you meet Benedict Arnold, with Madame Telle waiting at your door for an audience. Truly, a pretty pair of birds! Is this your badge of loyalty to the cause of Washington?"



She began to sing.

The Doctor's teeth grated behind the lips that veiled them.

"Since we can't agree on essentials," said Lee, "I must bid you good night."

He got upon his feet without taking his eyes from the man before him and stepped back.

"I'll hound you to the death for this indignity!" ground Le Garde. "Think you that I will let this insult pass without just retribution? You're a spy."

Lee came back and, touching the edge of the table with the tips of his fingers, he leaned forward till his eyes blazed full into Doctor Satan's face.

"Call me whatever you please but the friend of traitors," said he, raspingly. "I am Carroll Lee of the American army. I have given my life to the cause of freedom. I have suffered with the lion-hearted Washington amid the snows of winter. I was with him at Trenton and Princeton; I froze with his men at Valley Forge, I fought in the trenches at Long Island; I have met the soldiers of King George face to face on more than one field where I have seen their scarlet backs. Think you, then, that I fear to look into the eyes of Louis Le Garde, recreant, scoundrel, thief?"

This was more than Doctor Satan could stand. He sprang to his feet and came around the table snarling like a hyena. Lee suddenly encountered him halfway, and gripping him at the shoulders, he forced him back into the chair, as his baleful eyes shot forth the savagery in his soul.

"You'll feel better after awhile," chuckled Lee, crunching him in the chair. "Being a physician, you can prescribe for yourself. Good night, reptile!" and Dorothy's champion was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EMPTY NEST.

WHEN Lee quitted Doctor Satan's house, he knew that the hounds would be set upon his trail, but this did not disturb him so much as the thought of Dorothy's peril. True, he as yet knew nothing of the order of arrest, and the beautiful Rebel had not confided to him Captain Cunningham's offer of marriage.

The repugnance Dorothy had for the villain hardly prevented her from telling him the story of her encounter with the King's agent. Her love for the cause of liberty was not to be beaten down because of any danger that impended. She had enlisted in the holy crusade, and neither the jailer of New York nor the authority of Sir Henry Clinton should turn her from her purpose.

What was his surprise when he turned into the street that ran parallel with the river to see a troop of dragoons wheel into it. The sight filled him with apprehension. He drew into a nearby area and held his breath. The handsome horses, the rich uniforms of the troopers, and the heavy sabers, all caught and held his eye.

A few steps farther on was the house he was seeking. No light was visible, and he wondered if Dorothy was at the window gazing at the men she detested.

Suddenly the little squadron halted in front of the place. Its leader spoke to a man at his side, and then sprang from the saddle and bounded up the steps.

"It means that the lion's jaws are closing," cried Lee. "What new infamy is this?"

There was no response to the heavy raps.

"Perchance they have been warned and are gone," thought Lee. "Pray Heaven that the birds have flown."

The commander of the dragoons looked back at his men. They understood the glance, and several dismounted. In another instant they were before the door. It opened at the first push, and the troopers swarmed into the house. Involuntarily Lee's hand sought the pistol beneath his coat. To leave his hiding-place would be to find more than one pair of eyes upon him. He remained where he was.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed.

The door opened once more, and the men poured out. There were oaths and vows of vengeance.

"Baffled!" cried Lee under his breath. "Once more the King's own have been outwitted."

Now the man to whom the captain of the troop had spoken stood full-faced to Lee. In all New York there was not another like him in form and feature. Tiger Cunningham!

"So you're the reptile who is at the bottom of all this?" the young soldier exclaimed. "Always on the trail of blood," and he watched the band as it cantered off baffled.

When the last plume had vanished, Lee entered the house. Brief as the Britons' visit had been, they had ransacked the house by the river. Everything had been turned topsy-turvy. Nothing had escaped the fury of the scarlet minions. Lee cursed as he surveyed the scene.

"They must have left something for me," he murmured. "Dorothy would not leave me in the dark as to their new abode," and he began to search for a clew to the fugitive pair.

He was in the midst of his self-imposed task when he heard a voice behind him.

"The nest is empty," it said. "The birds have deserted it, and in good time, don't you think?"

A woman with smiling eyes stood before him.

"I am La Belle Lanore," she continued. "I am Dorothy's friend. But you——"

"I am Lee."

"I thought as much," responded La Belle. "I have been waiting for your return."

She stood beside an overturned table and was regarding him from the depths of her wondrous eyes. She was a woman with a past, as one could easily discern, but within her burned a fire which no peril could extinguish.

"I have suffered," she went on. "My only hope in this world languishes in the dungeons of Tiger Cunningham, and I had to steel myself not to slay the brute when he stood on the steps of this house."

"Justice will get him yet."

"And I will be Justice," came from between her white lips. "Champe has come."

"So soon?"

"He already sports a scarlet coat. I saw him but an hour since in the uniform of Arnold's legion."

"The leaven is working," responded Lee. "But I am thinking now of Dorothy."

"She is not so far but you can find her. She confided the secret of the new retreat to me."

"Good!"

"She is where they will look for her last. Indeed, she hides in the very shadow of the lion."

"Fearless girl," exclaimed Lee. "Now give me the secret and I am off."

He recoiled when La Belle Lanore had spoken again.

"Why, she is in the meshes of the dragnet," he said. "If I mistake not she is in the shadow of Madame Telle's house."

"As I said, the last place they will look for her."

"And Grahame?"

"They are both together. A strange man is he. He has the subtlety of the serpent and the courage of the lion. You don't know him."

"I only know that he is Prevost Grahame."

"He is no more that man than you are

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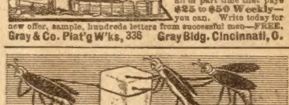

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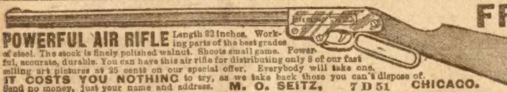

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King George. But I have said enough. We must not be here should more hunters come. This is the mercy of the King's men," and she waved her hand at the disordered furniture.

"Listen to me, Lee," she continued. "I am going to live with Tiger Cunningham."

"With that beast?"

"He has advertised for a female servant. Don't you think La Belle Lanore will fill all requirements?"

"To your doom."

The woman tossed her head and showed her teeth.

"It is a risky throw of the dice. I am aware of that," she laughed. "But nothing ventured, nothing gained. I am driven to desperation, and when Dorothy comes to the lair she will not be friendless."

"But she must never cross Cunningham's threshold."

"That is for you to boast now, but wait. No one has ever escaped him. Dorothy Dayne is Rebel to the core, and all New York knows it. Besides this, she has incurred the hatred of the jailer of the King. Her flight is but a breathing spell. The jaws will close. The mailed hand that never fails is now over her precious head like the sword of Damocles."

"I'll break its fall, even if it costs me my life!"

She seemed to look upon him with eyes swimming in pity. Her form trembled for a moment.

"I like that," said she. "I admire you, Lee. When our holy cause has defenders like you, it cannot fail."

They left the house together.

"Are you fixed in your determination?" he asked when they stood on the pave.

"All the powers of earth cannot change me. Before dawn I will be under Tiger Cunningham's authority."

"But if he recognizes you——"

"I am prepared for that. I have taken everything into consideration. My future is in the cast of the die. You know what Jael did?"

Lee looked at the woman amazed. They separated a block away, and Lee watched her till she was no longer visible.

"There will be Jaels till the end of time," he thought. "The world needs them. I will let the birds have breathing time."

A sound of heavy boots broke in upon his ear. A sudden but cautious glance over his shoulder revealed a swaggering soldier in glaring red. Was he already watched?

On came the fellow, his boots making music on the pave and his head in air. Lee prepared for what might come. He measured his strength with that of the man behind him. He would not fall into the enemy's clutches like a lamb. They were equal in physique. The man who had punished Tiger Cunningham did not fear to try his powers with one lone redcoat.

Presently the uniformed one reached his side. Their eyes met.

"Lee!" said the big fellow.

"Champe!" and Champe passed on.

Carroll Lee glanced around and followed the man who held Arnold's fate in his hands. In a few minutes Champe dodged into an alley and Lee was at his heels.

"What sort of legionary do I make?" asked Champe when they had entered a house not far from the mouth of the byway. "They are cursing me across the river. I felt my comrades' balls pierce my clothes. It was a race with death, but John Champe won."

The man for the great venture strode back and forth across the little room, gazing with undisguised disgust at the uniform he wore.

"It will be the gallows or glory for Champe," he went on. "Arnold is completely deceived. Erelong I will have the traitor here," and he held out a clinched hand. "But what brought you to New York, Lee?"

"Love."

"Love has hanged a thousand men," grinned Champe. "First I must find Prevost Grahame, then for the exploit."

Then the two young men looked into each other's eyes, knowing that Fate had already inscribed their names in her mighty tome.

CHAPTER XII.

A SINGER AND HER SONG.

MEANTIME what of Dorothy?

Admonished by the order of arrest which had been thrust into the girl's face by Cunningham, Grahame saw that the house by the river was no longer tenable.

"We must get beyond the lion's teeth," said he. "There are other places where one can hide and play the game in hand. Lee is off on his mission, and when he has accomplished his purpose he will return here, but ere that we may fall into the snare."

"Then let us go at once," answered Dorothy. "If we could leave a message for Carroll——"

There were footsteps in the hall, and La Belle Lanore stood before them. Her coming was most opportune. Dorothy hastily wrote a message for Lee, in which was the new address advised by Grahame, and the strange woman promised to wait for the young soldier's return and place it in his hands.

There was now nothing left but flight. Not long thereafter they were tenants of a house in the "court circles" of the city and within a stone's throw of Vesta Telle's abode. Hardly would the enemy look for them there.

The night grew on, and Dorothy in the new nest seemed secure, but her thoughts were with Lee, who had entered the lion's den as controlled by Doctor Satan.

Grahame slipped away on one of his mysterious missions, leaving his fair charge alone. Dorothy went to the window, and concealed by the heavy curtains, looked out into the night. Nearly opposite stood the mansion occupied by Madame Telle. It was brilliantly lighted from roof to foundation, and carriages were depositing scores of richly dressed ladies and uniformed men before the stoop. A sad smile crossed her face.

"They feast whilst the brave starve," she said bitterly. "There are diamonds in New York, and across the river there is no bread. This cannot last. There is justice on high, and sometime the brave men battling for liberty will come into their own. It must be so."

The sight proved too poignant for her. Her eyes filled with tears, and she slowly turned away.

What if they had been tracked? What if the minions of Tiger Cunningham had witnessed the flight? Such a thing was by no means impossible. There were keen eyes in New York, and many of them were in the King's service. And then what of Carroll? Had he failed, and was he not even now in the net?

Hour after hour she waited. Grahame did not come.

"This is absolute torture!" she exclaimed. "I must know what keeps Carroll away."

To leave the house was dangerous. To go out into the streets patrolled by the enemy invited apprehension. To remain where she was only added to her fears.

With undaunted determination she put on cloak and hood and left the house. The wind chilled her blood. There was nothing she would not dare for the cause and the man she loved. Grahame had informed her concerning Doctor Satan's house, and she turned her face in that direction. A lot of reveling redcoats were on the streets; their bacchanalian songs trembled the autumn air. The girl heard and bit her lip.

Suddenly, as she was passing one of these bands, she was rudely seized and drawn out of her way. Dorothy drew back and looked into the face of her insulter. He was a giant dragoon in whose eyes was the light of wine, and his leer sent a shiver through the girl's blood.

"A bird of paradise, comrades!" cried he, holding Dorothy off so that all might see. "What say ye to a little wine supper with the witch of Manhattan?"

"The very idea, Corporal," answered a dozen voices. "Captain Sam's is just around the corner, and this bird shall sing for us. We haven't had a real song since we crossed the water."

Dorothy had lapsed into silence. Her look was enough to deter the redcoats, but they were of the undeterrable kind.

"Bring her along, Percy. It's some time yet till taps," and Grahame's charge found herself being escorted away mid the laughter of the revelers.

"Sam's," as one of the famous drinking places of the day was called, was but a few steps distant. A light encased in glass hung in front of the door, and its little windows were well lighted.

The foremost fellow pushed open the door, and Dorothy was forced inside. At a glance she saw the little room, graced with English colors, the sawdust on the floor, and the master of the place with arms akimbo ready to greet any who might seek his place with shillings in their pockets. The white-faced girl was seated with scant ceremony, and stools were drawn in a circle around one of the tables.

"Maybe our pretty guest is Rebel," suggested one of the troop. "She looks it, or I'm mistaken."

"Or some old Tory's pet."

Dorothy's blood pulsated through her heart as never before. When the wine came she pushed her glass aside and looked away.

"You were right, Larry. She is a Rebel!" said one.

"Then we will have a Rebel song."

The girl's eyes scintillated with indignation. A Rebel song! If they wanted such a strain they should have it to their fill. She almost forgot her environment.

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

She passed danger by with a little toss of her head.

"What shall it be, miss?" queried the man called Percy, leaning towards the captive. "Shall we hear an old English ballad, or shall we be delighted with a Rebel song?"

"Let us have the Rebel song!" cried several, and they picked up their glasses with a soldier's zest.

Dorothy thought rapidly. Her patriot blood was tingling every vein now. Pulling herself together, whilst her eyes sparkled with fearlessness, she threw a swift glance around the room, and then rising to her feet, began to sing:

"My lover fights against the King
  Who lives across the sea;
He fears no foe, he wears no chain,
  His love is Liberty;
Down with the man who crushes thought,
  And freedom's cause in won;
We will be free from tyranny,
  Hurrah for Washington!"

Every glass was lowered and the men stared at Dorothy, astonishment in their wine-shot eyes.

"Bravo!" cried one. "That's a song for the times; but there must be more of it."

He looked at the beautiful Rebel with admiration.

"More! more!" chorused the others.

"No king shall rule America
  While there are men to fight;
No British flag again shall shame
  The stars that shine at night;
When we are free the flag we love
  Will float on shore and sea,
And woe unto the wretch who'd try
  To crush out liberty."

Every habitue of the place was on his feet at the conclusion of Dorothy's defy. Her face was ashen, but not with fear. Her song had stimulated her anew. The beauty of her face and figure stood out plainly in the light of the room.

"To the fair Rebel, men!" cried a young lieutenant who came forward. "She sings like a nightingale, and Rebel though she be, she is worthy the applause of every soldier in the King's army.

Dorothy drew back with a sudden flush.

"May I not go now?" she asked, sweeping her glance over the various groups.

"She's fairly won her liberty," said one. "Let her go, comrades."

Dorothy was already at the door. The flush of defiance and victory still lit up her brilliant eyes. With a final look at the redcoats she opened the portal and plunged out into the night.

"My dear, I have found you at last!"

The words went through her like an electric spark. She turned instantly and then drew back with a little shriek.

"You gave us the slip not long ago, and now you've been singing for the King's men."

She could not speak. Her blood seemed to congeal as it struggled through her veins. And why not? She was gazing into the face of Tiger Cunningham.

Had he risen from the pave? There he stood, passion in his black eyes and his fingers itching to clasp her.

"Not quite so fast, my fairy," he went on, the leer of lust in his look. "I'll have you sing those pretty songs for me. I'm not the monster they have painted me after all. Let me escort you to my palace, where you can sing only for Cunningham, and by the way, I don't care a snap what lyrics you choose for my edification."

Dorothy stood before this wretch with hatred for him and his cause sweeping like a lava tide through her soul. Suddenly she jerked her hood from her head, and quick as thought she laid it with all her force across his face. Then she turned and fled like a deer, caring not whither her footsteps led her, her sole desire being to escape the clutches of King George's jailer.

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

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Give them

Post Toasties

They're light and easily digested and yet nourishing and satisfying. No bother in preparation — just pour from the package and add cream and sugar—or they're mighty good with fresh berries or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

* * *

THE PATH THE CALF MADE.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead,
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made;
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned, and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus, a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet;
The road became a village street;
And this before they were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare;
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day;
For such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They followed in the beaten track;
And in, and out, and forth, and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood gods laughed
Who saw the first primeval calf!
Ah, many things this tale might teach,
But I am not ordained to preach.

* * *

His Mother-in-Law.

"The joke on the mother-in-law," said the Billville man, "is as old as the Ark, "but in the tale I'm a-goin' to tell you, it's on the feller that tried to give it a serious turn. I ain't callin' no names. I'll just say he was a friend o' mine an' let it go at that.

"His wife's mother had for years wasted time and talk in the effort to make that feller live up to her idee of what a son-in-law should be, but she only lost many a night's good sleep tryin' to figger out how to git even, an' still keep on the windy side of the law; so, when she once expressed a wild wish to go up in an airship, he prayed, day an' night, that one might come along an' light on the premises, but none ever flew that way.

"But when the old lady told him that she had never seen the ocean, an' was hungerin' for a glimpse of it, he shook hands with himself, an' 'lowed that his an' her time had come at last. He had a true and tried friend who lived where the sea is, an' while he couldn't go himself, he made his mind up that the mother-in-law should take the trip. He told her that it wasn't much expense, and anyhow, he thought she needed a change of air, an' new scenery.

"It took the old lady a whole week to make up her mind to it, but finally she consented, an' he got a whole section for her on the train an' kissed her good-by, an' saw her off in style, wavin' his handkerchief as fur as he could see her.

"Then he went through town congratulatin' himself, an' 'set 'em up' to all his friends.

"After sendin' a telegram to his friend that the old lady would be there on schedule time, he writ a letter to him, containin' instructions. The letter said:

" 'This will be her first sight o' the sea, an' she can't swim a lick. Tom, old boy, I want you to teach her how. Of course, she'll be timid at first, but you're a good swimmer, an' you kin tell her that she'll be perfectly safe follerin' you into deep water. Accidents will happen in this mortal life o' ours, but understand, ol' boy, that I hope for the best—always.'

"After a matter o' three days the old lady wrote that she was havin' the time of her life; the ocean was lots bigger than she thought it was, an' she had set the next day as the time to take her first swimmin' lesson.

"At that good news her hopeful son-in-law shook hands with himself ag'in, ain' set up the whole town to whatever it called for.

"But two days afterward a mighty change come over him. He got a letter from his friend:

" 'Dear Friend,' it said: 'She swims like a duck, an' kin outfloat anybody in the settlement. An' yesterday she saved two men from drowning.'

"That was enough—an' too much. He writ a hopeless letter o' thanks to him for the trouble he'd took with her, an' went to the town tavern and set 'em up to himself, privately. But it took him a whole week to drown his sorrows!"

* * *

Moving.

"Now, look here!" cried Toldick to his wife and daughter. "You have moved often enough to know better than this! The man will be here with the van any minute and those things are not nearly packed yet!"

"Well," argued Mrs. Toldick, "there is only this one room where we haven't finished the packing, and we can finish here while the men move the furniture out of the rest of the house. I shall instruct the men to move the furniture out of the rooms downstairs first. We can't pack the books yet because Camella hasn't finished reading 'The Belle of Belleview.' "

"Yes," remarked Toldick, "you can instruct the men where to begin. Of course the men will do as they are told. That is their specialty. By the way, what is that standing out on the lawn? It looks like an article of our household equipment—one not usually paraded upon the lawn, however."

"Oh, oh!" screamed Mrs. Toldick. "They have arrived, and the first thing they have done is to put that old broken chair on exhibition on the front lawn!"

"Where did they get that total wreck of a chair?" demanded Toldick. "That's the way they always do. They put all the pieces of furniture people are ashamed of out on the lawn or on the sidewalk first thing, to remain there for hours! Then they take the things you are proud of and would like to display, carrying them out fully concealed and just as quickly as possible.

"When they have exhibited all the horribles long enough on the lawn of the old house they transfer the whole batch to a point of vantage on the new premises.

"If those men knew that you hadn't finished packing in this room they would have been in here long ago. You'd better keep it dark."

"Let's hurry!" cried Mrs. Toldick.

"Thank goodness, you've packed the big trunk, anyway!" said Toldick.

"Yes, there it goes on the wagon, at the bottom of a pyramid of stoves and refrigerators! Oh, I wish he would drive more carefully!"

"Call him back!" cried Camella. "All our keys are packed in that trunk, and so we cannot lock the other trunks!"

"No," said Mrs. Toldick. "There are no keys in that trunk."

"Then the keys are lost! All the keys are lost!" wailed Camella.

"What is that on the string around your arm?" asked Toldick.

"The keys!" gasped Mrs. Toldick. "Get some water. Camella has fainted."

"The water has been turned off," answered Toldick.

* * *

Pat's Advice.

Pat Flannigan, who worked in the Boston navy yard, broke the rules of that establishment every day by sneaking off to a retired spot and smoking his pipe after lunch. He knew that if he should be detected in this breach of discipline dismissal would follow automatically, but his love of tobacco got the best of him.

One afternoon, when his pipe was blazing hot, and the clouds of smoke encircled his head, the captain in command of the yard discovered him.

Pat knew his job was gone, but he paid no attention to the Commandant.

"Well, my man," demanded the Captain, "what have you to say?"

Pat said nothing.

"Do you know who I am?" inquired the Captain, wrathfully.

Flannigan, puffing steadily on his pipe, made no response.

"I am the Commandant of this yard!" thundered the officer.

Pat turned his head slowly and looked up at him.

"Shure," he said approvingly; "you've got a good job. Hold on to it."

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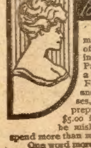

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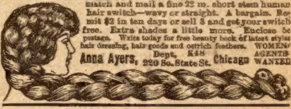

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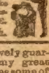

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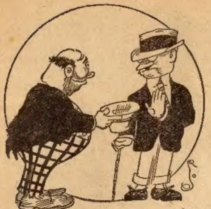


Beggar—"Kind sir, could you help a brother Mason, Odd Fellow, Elk, Moose, Eagle, Owl or Forester?"

Passer-By—"I belong to none of them."

Beggar—"Ah, den could you help a fellow Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal or Presbyterian?"

Passer-By—"I belong to none of them."

Beggar—"Ah, den shake hands and assist a feller Socialist and uplifter in distress."

Cried in English.

Fritz, a German lad, and little Tom were fond of each other, although neither could understand what was said.

"Why, Tommy," said his father, "your playmate doesn't speak a word of English—does he?"

"No," said Tommy, "but when a bumblebee stung him over by the grapevines last Monday, he cried in English."

A Brilliant Class.

Teacher (to class in geography)—"What is the coldest country in the world?"

Precocious Pupil—"Chile."

"Where do the mules come from?"

"Brazil."

"In what land do they make ladies' shoes?"

"Morocco."

"Where do they fry things?"

"In Greece."

"And whence comes our queensware?"

"From China."

"In what country are the people most earnest?"

"Zealand."

"That'll do; the class is dismissed."

The Aftermath.

George—"You don't seem to have enjoyed yourself at the summer resorts this year. What was the matter?"

Jack—"Hadn't time to form any new acquaintances."

"No time?"

"No; I was kept busy kissing the babies of the girls I used to be engaged to."

Not So Easy.

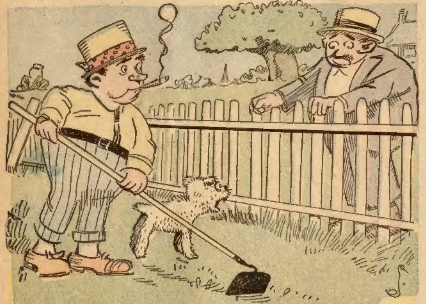
Laborer—"It's an actor ye are? Sure you have aisy times."

Actor—"Easy, is it? Just you take a leading part in a Russian play, and try to look half frozen in a Siberian snowstorm on a stifling hot July night, and see."

Eager for Information.

Soper (sadly)—"Something I said to my wife some days ago so offended her she hasn't spoken to me since."

"Old chap," returned Henpeck, with painful eagerness, "would you mind telling me what it was you said?"



Jones—"Hey! Ain't there any way to make that dog of yours stop barking?"

Neighbor—"Sure! If you don't mind sticking one of your legs through the fence and letting him grab hold of it!"

An Intelligent Boy.

Small Boy—"Mamma, is it really true that the devil has horns and a club foot?"

Mother—"Ah, my dear, sometimes the devil appears in the shape of a very handsome and charming young man."

Boy (pityingly)—"Oh, mummy, you're thinking of Cupid."

A Diseased Brain.

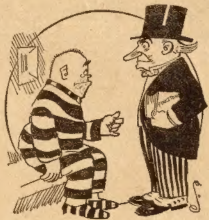
Miss Keen—"Too bad that your friend Algy has brain trouble. Are they doing anything about it?"

Cholly—"They cawn't locate it, you know."

Miss Keen—"Which, the brain or the trouble?"

THE MODERN GIRL.

We knock and criticize her,
We scold, apostrophize her,
We wish that she were wiser,
More capable and kind.
Her path we're always stalking
To criticize her talking,
Her clothes, her ways of walking,
Her manners and her mind.
We say, "Oh, highty-tighty!
She's frivolous and flighty,
And all her ways are mighty
Undignified to see;
She dances and she chatters,
Our golden rule she shatters
And laughs at serious matters
With unabated glee!"
We chide and we correct her,
We shadow and detect her,
We study and dissect her,
With all her smiles and tears,
And find, on looking o'er her
(And learning to adore her),
She's just like girls before her,
For twenty thousand years!



The Inmate—"I was pinched just because I threw out my chest."

The Lawyer—"That's no crime."

The Inmate—"Then when I was climbin' down after it on the rope they got me for jumpin' a board bill."

At the Old Man's.

A newly married lady was being interviewed by the reporter of the local paper just after the ceremony.

"And after the honeymoon where do you intend to settle down?" was his final question.

"At the old manse," said the bride, as she hurried away.

The reporter thought it sounded a bit familiar, but he decided to use it, so when it appeared in print the report finished up: "After the honeymoon the happy couple intend to live at the old man's."

A Lesson in Human Anatomy.

The appended accident happened at a school where the children were hopelessly involved in miscellaneous subjects, such as grammar, physiology, et cetera:

Teacher—"What are the principal parts of the body?"

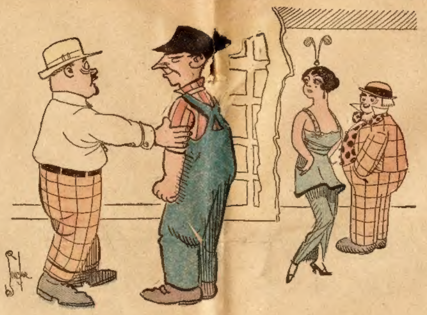
Sharp Pupil—"The body consists of three principal parts—the head, the chest, the bowels, of which are five: a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

The latter, doubtless, the appendix.

Misjudged Him.

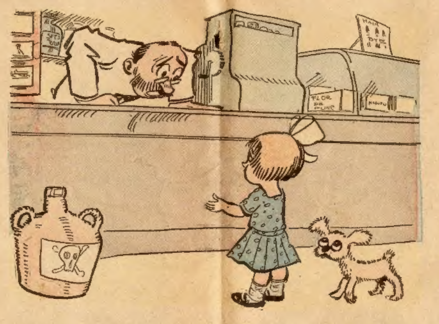
"You ought to typewrite your poetry," said the harsh editor.

"Great Scott!" replied Mr. Penwiggle; "if I were expert enough to do that kind of typewriting, do you think I'd be putting in my time on poetry?"



Stage Manager (during a rehearsal of a storm)—"Where's the thunder?"

Stage Hand—"He's just gone out to have a drink with the lightning."



Little Girl (to druggist)—"Ma wants to know will you trust her for ten one-cent stamps—she wants to send away some postal photographs of our new automobile!"

Misinformed.

Visitor (at the national gallery)—"Why, them's the very same pictures I saw here the day before yesterday."

Attendant (dryly)—"Quite likely."

Visitor—"Then the landlord where I'm staying is wrong. He told me that the pictures was changed daily in all the leadin' picture houses."

Hunted.

"Have you been able to meet all the demands of your creditors?"

"Meet them? I haven't been able to avoid them."

Dreaded.

Landlord (of Dinketown Hotel)—"That feller who just swaggered past? Oh, that's Lem Badgeley, an' he's a terror to automobilists, I tell you!"

Guest—"Aha! The village constable, eh?"

Landlord—"Worse; he's the only auto repair man within ten miles."

As it Seemed to James.

"Archimedes," read the young pupil aloud, "leaped from his bath, shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment, James," said the teacher. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"'Eureka' means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

James hesitated a moment, then ventured hopefully: "The soap, mum."

Anything to Oblige.

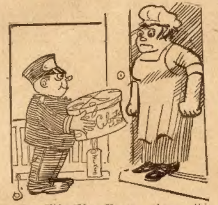
"Dear teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige,

"HER MOTHER."

Too Suspicious.

"Why are you so angry with the doctor?" asked Mr. White of his wife.

"Because," she replied, "when I told him I had a terribly tired feeling he told me to show my tongue."



The Kid—"Mr. Knagg gimme this parcel an' said 'Take this to my good wife.'"

Mrs. Knagg—"The bigamist! I always suspected that he had another."

The Poor Compass.

Little Jack—"What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?"

Mother—"Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is the head of this house."

Little Jack—"If papa is captain, then what are you?"

Mother—"I suppose I am the pilot."

Little Jack—"Oh, yes! and then I must be the compass."

Mother—"The compass? Why the compass?"

Little Jack—"Because the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."

The Caller Snubbed.

Mrs. Kawler (to hostess' child)—"Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

Edith—"Yes'm, and mamma's glad, too."

Mrs. Kawler—"Is she?"

Edith—"Yes; she said she hoped you'd come today and have it over with."

Saving the Patient.

"Is the doctor taking the proper interest in your case?"

"I think he's doing his best. I told him there was nobody to pay unless I got well."

Where She Feels Worst.

Elsie—"Mamma, I don't feel well."

Mother—"That's too bad, dear. Where do you feel worst?"

Elsie—"In school, mamma."

In a Very Bad Way.

Mrs. Mort-Gage—"My dear, the girls want you to go to Europe this summer."

Husband—"Impossible! I couldn't pay passage for one of you."

"Saratoga, then?"

"I'm too poor."

"Well, some quiet, retired country——"

"I'm too poor."

"We must get out of the city. It isn't respectable to stay in."

"I'm very sorry. I suppose I might, on a pinch, get you and the girls admitted for the summer to some rural poorhouse, but the trouble is I'm too poor to pay the car fare."

James' Economy.

"Papa," asked James, "wouldn't you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?"

"Certainly, my son," said papa, so delighted at this evidence of budding business ability that he handed the youth a dime.

"Well, I saved it all right," said James, disappearing. "You said if I brought a good report from my teacher you would give me a dollar; but I didn't."

The Truth Out.

Clara (at the seaside)—"There! I knew it. He has proposed this evening and she has accepted."

Dora—"They are acting like other people; merely polite, that's all."

"That's only a blind. Look at her yachting cap."

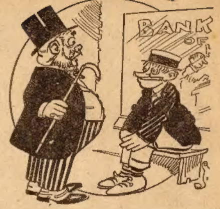
"It's on hind side before."

"Yes. A man can't kiss a girl under one of those peaks."

The Longer the Better.

"Do you believe in long engagements?"

"Of course. The longer a man is engaged, the less time he has to be married."



Visiting Financier—"Is this town bank on a solid foundation?"

Lew Daker—"Sure is, mister. I mixed the mortar myself."

Understood the Coal Business.

A coal dealer asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade. One answered "Coke."

"Right," said the coal dealer.

Another suggested "Blackstone."

"Good, too," said the questioner.

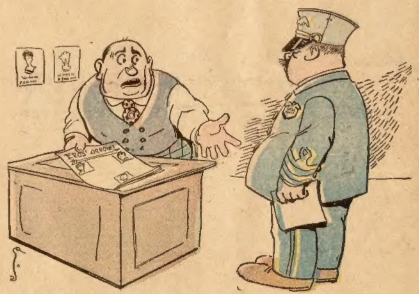
Then a little man piped out "Littleton."

Whereupon the coal dealer sat down.

His Teeth.

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before.

"Pay me?" growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"



The Publisher—"Why do you shut me out of the mail? I'm running a perfectly respectable legitimate matrimonial paper."

The Inspector—"Every one knows marriage is a lottery."

Meager Recompense.

Poetaster—"If you couldn't print my poem, why didn't you return it? I inclosed a stamp for that purpose."

Editor—"Oh, that is what the stamp was for! I supposed it was sent as part payment for the labor of reading your poem."

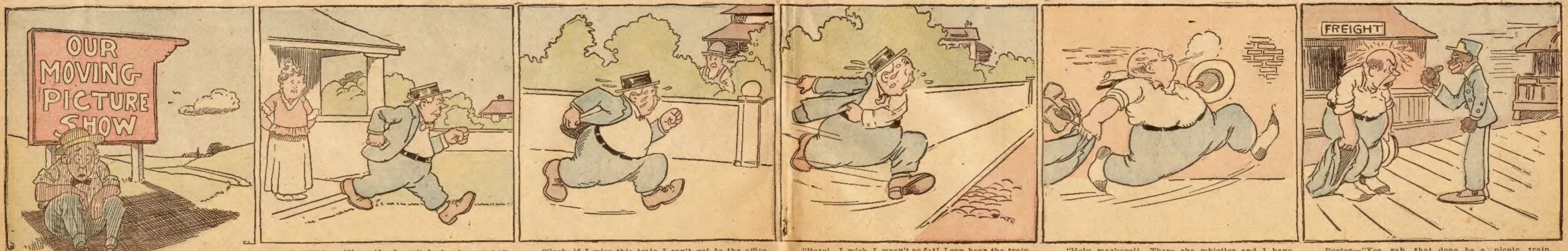
That Made a Difference.

She—"Oh, George, I am afraid I cannot marry you. I want a man who possesses a noble ambition; whose heart is set on attaining some high and worthy object."

He—"Well, don't I want you?"

She—"Oh, George! I am yours!"

WHEN HE SWORE



Mr. Bilkins—"No, wife, I can't look at your new hat or kiss you good-by! I'm five minutes late now!

"Gosh, if I miss this train I can't get to the office before 10 o'clock!

"Rats! I wish I wasn't so fat! I can hear the train pulling into the station!

"Holy mackerel! There she whistles and I have three blocks to go!"

Porter—"Yes, sah, that done be a picnic train. Youalls train don't leave for fifteen minutes!"

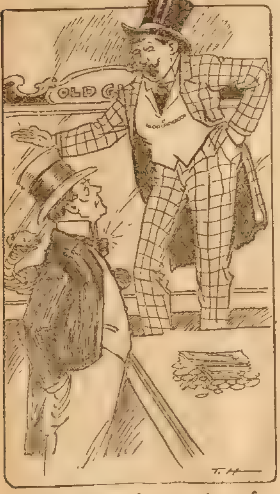
Bilkins—"Wish I had an ax, I'd enjoy choppin' yeh up!"

Side Show Sidelights

By Francis Metcalfe

The Painted Snake.

"I REMEMBER once," said the press agent, "when a guy named Merritt and myself were running a snake show in New York that we couldn't pay the rent because the papers wouldn't give us any publicity, although we had the finest collection of wrigglers that was ever gotten together. We were running it on the dead level, nary a fake about it, and Merritt's lecture was highly instructive and interesting and more than half true; but we saw that we couldn't win out at the game unless we crooked it. We were running so far behind that the only thing which saved us from a dispossess was the fact that they couldn't get a constable who would carry the snakes out to the sidewalk; but Merritt was a resourceful cuss, and I felt confident that he would figure out some scheme to win out.



"Most marvelous mystery of nature."

"'Jim,' says he, 'it's necessary for us to give 'em a sensation. We've tried to run this game as a purely moral and instructive entertainment, but we need the money, and I reckon we've got to spring a cold deck on 'em. I guess you've got to stand for being attacked by an untamable, man-eating python.'

"'You can count me out on that,' says I. 'Every gazabo in the city would size me up as a victim of the demon rum.' Merritt looked discouraged for a minute, but his face suddenly lighted up, and I knew he had found a way.

"'Jim,' says he, 'if we only take half of our usual allowance of firewater tonight we will have enough cash to buy some paint. Now there's that big white python; the only specimen ever captured, the "pythonatus fluidum lactalis giganticus,"' says he. That was one trouble with Merritt; he'd get so stuck on the language which he manufactured that he couldn't leave it out, even in our business consultations, and it used up a lot of time. 'That python is the straight goods,' says he, 'but he doesn't catch their eyes, so I'll paint the blame snake red, white, and blue and christen him the "anacondus flagelum americanibus e pluribus unum," and give the highbrows something to work on,' says he. 'That'll work up the snakeologists and set 'em writing in the papers to prove that there isn't any such thing; but we've got the answer to that, for we can show 'em one at twenty-five cents per.'

"I never could stand for flim-flamming the generous public, but my meal ticket was punched so full of holes that it looked like a porous plaster, and I consented. Merritt spent most of the night decorating that python, and in the morning it looked like the pennant of a man-o'-war. I had to sit up and watch him, for he had the artistic temperament, and he was so carried away by his enthusiasm that if I hadn't restrained him he would have put on the coat-of-arms of the United States, eagle, motto, and all.

"'Now, says he, when he had finished and stepped back to admire his work, 'if that blame snake's own mother would know him if she met him on the street, I'm a Dutchman. If this don't make 'em sit up and take notice, then I'll go to night school to learn the show business.'"

"How did the scheme work?" asked the proprietor, as the press agent paused to make the grand hailing sign of distress to the waiter.

"Work!" he answered. "How does a fake always work in New York? Why, P. T. Barnum had the mold for his petrified man made from the legs of one man and the body of another, and he didn't even take the trouble to smooth off the ridges where the edges met when he cast it in Portland cement. But that didn't prevent all of the scientific sharps who inspected it from certifying to its genuineness. His mermaid was manufactured from a codfish skin and a stuffed monkey; but the public stood for that, too, and he made a fortune out of 'em. Maybe you can't fool all of the people all of the time, but you can fool most of 'em most of the time; especially if they live in little old New York. Of course, we didn't pull off such a success as Barnum did; but we had no kick coming when we counted up the receipts for the next week. Merritt's lecture was a work of art, and he manufactured language at a rate which would have given Noah Webster nervous prostration when he christened the python 'Old Glory,' and told about its combining the venomous qualities of the cobra and the strength of the boa-constrictor. The python was so stuck on its new colors that it nearly broke its neck turning around to admire itself, and everything went lovely. Of course, there was the usual howl from the snakeologists who knew it all, and 'Old Subscriber,' 'Citizen,' 'Pro Bono Publico' and the rest of the bunch wrote columns, denouncing us as frauds.

"You know how those things work; everybody puts up an argument, and then it's up to the fellow who is making the bluff to back it up with an offer to donate a sum of money to some charitable institution if he can't deliver the goods. We were well ahead of the game as a result of the advertising, and had about two thousand to the good, and Merritt got awful chesty. He had lied about that snake so much that he believed in it himself, and it made me a little nervous one night when he offered to donate two thousand dollars to the 'Home for Decrepit Side Show Fakers' if any one could produce another specimen like this one, short of the headwaters of the Amazon. I wasn't scared so much by that as by what I feared he might say, for I knew they couldn't get another if they raked the universe with a fine-toothed comb, and sure enough, he was carried away by his enthusiasm and offered to bet our entire bank roll that the snake was a genuine 'American flag,' such as had never been exhibited in any country.

"It was just our luck that there was a half-loaded tin-horn gambler in the audience that night; one of the kind that wears a yellow diamond and a checked suit, with a white stove-pipe hat; and the only part of the speech that he understood was that somebody wanted to make a bet. That raised his sporting blood, and he climbed up to the platform and pulled out a roll of yellow boys that would choke a dog and peeled off twenty centuries.

"'I don't know much about snakes which bromide won't make chase themselves back to the woods,' says he, as he plunked 'em down on the table. 'I ain't got your gift of gab, but money talks, and I've got this pile to say that you can't tell the truth to save your neck. Just stack up your pile alongside of that and then trot out your snakelet.' I was feeling pretty sore on Merritt for making such a bluff, but, of course, we had to make good, and between us we covered the bet. We had glass cages full of snakes all around the platform, but 'Old Glory' was in a big chest covered with gilt figures and brass chains and fastened with a padlock. Merritt was mad clear through at having his veracity questioned, but he looked pretty confident as he stuck the key in the lock.

"'It's a shame to take the money,' says he, as he eyed the gambler, 'but there's an old saying about the mental capacity of a man that is speedily separated from his bank roll, and I reckon you were away from home the last time the fool killer called.' The gambler just smiled and kept his eye on the stakes, and Merritt gives the chains a rattle to wake up 'Old Glory,' and throws back the lid of the chest.

"'Now,' says he, turning to the audience, 'if you'll kindly give me your attention, I'll show you one of the most marvelous mysteries of nature. It was procured by one of our special agents at the headwaters of the Amazon at tremendous expense. It is a unique representative of the reptilian family and the sight of it should arouse pride in the hearts of all patriotic Americans; for as he unwinds his sinuous coils, you will observe that while his head and neck are blue, the body, down to the tip of the tail, is marked with thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, giving this marvelous creature the appearance of being wrapped in that glorious emblem of liberty which waves over the land of the brave and the home of the free.' Merritt stops then, throwing out his chest and sticking his hand into the bosom of his coat to wait for the customary applause from the gallery to subside; but instead of the usual glad hands he was greeted with a roar of laughter and cat-calls, and when he turned to look at the snake box, there was 'Old Glory' crawling out, looking ashamed of himself, for he was as white as the day he was born."

"What happened?" asked the proprietor as the press agent sighed.

"Well, Merritt always had presence of mind, and as the sport gathered up our hard-earned shekels he grabbed me by the arm and hurried me from the building. He knew that a Bowery audience was apt to follow cat-calls with antique eggs and vegetables of last season's vintage, and five minutes later we were trying to drown our sorrow.

"'Jim,' says Merritt 'I made a big mistake, for I should have tattooed him. His beauty was only skin deep and the blame snake shed his skin.'"

Next week's side show story will be called "The White Elephants." It is an account of the war of faked white elephants between the Barnum and Forepaugh shows. Read it.

❧ ❧ ❧

Her Rash Act.

"Girls used to be proud and haughty in the old days," remarked McBiffy to his friend Duffer. "And parents used to make courting as difficult as they could for the young men."

"Yes, they used to chase the beaux with bulldogs," returned Duffer. "And now a father has to go down into the basement and shovel coal into the furnace to keep the house nice and warm for the fellow who is courting his daughter."

"Well," said McBiffy. "I myself do not exactly approve of the cold and distant idea. My daughter is a regular old-fashioned girl, cold and distant to the last degree. It doesn't always work out well, I have noted.

"At the railroad station the other day my daughter alighted from the train with a suitcase that weighed a ton. A ton is some weight for a man of my girth. A young fellow stepped up to my Emily and wanted to take her home.

"What did Emily do? She turned him down, with that big suitcase looming up like a mountain! Turned him down, and let me carry that grip! And the young fellow was reaching out for it, too! It was just a notion she took, and he was a mighty fine young man!'

"I should say he was!" said Duffer, "if he reached for that grip. Many a young man would have let you carry the grip while he took the young woman home just the same."

"I haven't given you the full particulars yet—the morbid details," resumed McBiffy. "'Let me take you home,' the young man said to my daughter. 'Let me take this suitcase.'

"Just as I was beginning to sigh with relief Emily said: 'Oh, no, thank you; papa will take it.'

"'Papa will take it!' What do you think of that?"

"It was pretty rough on you."

"Indeed it was."

"You should have trained her better than that," said Duffer. "She should have held on to the young man until that suitcase reached home, and then she could have ditched him just as well if she wanted to."

"Certainly. But it is a comfort to know that she prefers the society of her dear old father even if she does have baggage to be dragged around."

"Perhaps it was out of consideration for the young man that she didn't let him accompany her home," suggested Duffer. "Perhaps she figured that after he had lugged that grip seven blocks he would hate her."

"No, he had an automobile there. I wouldn't have minded going home on the car if he had only taken Emily and her suitcase in his machine."

"Some young men are capable of taking the girl in the machine and letting her father run behind with the suitcase," remarked Duffer. "Be thankful that didn't happen to you."

❧ ❧ ❧

Here are two privileges the average man insists upon: First, the right to do as he pleases, and, second, the right to abuse a neighbor who doesn't do as he wants him to.

❧ ❧ ❧

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Mad Magic Afloat.

(Continued from page four.)

quizzical smile, as if expecting an exhibition of anger, but Ildrik smoked on, and his face was tranquil and his eyes as dreamy as before.

"It is singular that you prefer to be here," said Poindexter.

"Oho! so you take to retort, yourself, my good friend! Not so very bad! Add to it, if you wish. Words, sir, cannot change facts. You are here, in my power——"

"Kidnaped!"

"Kidnaped, Poindexter, and here. Before you came you were, if I remember aright, thirty-three years old. Now, you are three years, which is another way of saying that you are as helpless as a child. Confess that you did not estimate me properly in days gone by. Never thought that I would seize upon you in this way, did you?"

"There are depths of villainy too profound for healthful minds to grasp."

"You have a fluent style of expressing yourself, my dear sir. If you deal in platitudes, I'll excuse you because of your eloquence. Let that pass. We are at sea and in my ship. I am master, and you are helpless. My will is law here. What do you think I will do with you? Consider how we hate each other, Poindexter. What do you think will be your fate?"

He asked the question with a disagreeable smile, evidently enjoying himself hugely, and as he asked he swung a little about in his chair. The movement might have brought mischief to me, lurking at the extremity of the cabin, but I was wary, and I dodged out of sight before his gaze fell upon me

It was hazardous business spying upon him, and as I valued my own safety more than the good of the men with him, I promptly decided to take no more chances. I slipped quietly away and went to my bit of a stateroom.

At last I knew who had been in the locked room. Poindexter and his brown man had been there, kept fast until we were far enough from land to make their open appearance rather safe. Their appearance had made the mysteries of the Gak-el-Zinto more emphatic.

Three kidnaped parties were aboard. But why? Why? Two of the three might be worth having, but I could not see why I was wanted. As clerk for Lapwell & Payne I had been useful and envied by those drawing smaller salaries, but really, I was an insignificant person in the grand scheme of the universe. Why should I be carried to sea?

Poindexter, evidently a person of wealth, was worth kidnaping for ransom, but not I.

It ever buzzed in my head that Poindexter and Ildrik, if won over as allies, would make three opposed to the captain, and we might yet be heard from. Still, twenty-eight were opposed to us. What could we do, and how do it?

Wanting time and place to think clearly, I naturally thought of the deck with its fresh air, and I went, leaving the trio still in their seats.

Although I had known the wind was strong and that the ship was rolling a good deal, I was not prepared for the conditions I found. The deck-lights were like glowworms in an inky vault. Thick, black clouds were around us, our upper works being invisible in the gloom. The wind came from a point a little east of north, and while it wailed in the rigging, the uptorn sea hammered our larboard beam until the Gak-el-Zinto seemed almost to run her course on her leeward counter.

Two stout fellows held the spokes of the wheel, their figures revealed in part by the binnacle light, and for a moment I wished myself there, to feel the old, thrilling kick of the thing under the heave of the water.

I stood in the leeward waist, my fingers wrapped around a shroud, and looked at them with the spell of the sea upon me. For a moment I was sailor again ——

I came abruptly out of dreamland. Violent hands had been laid upon me, binding my arms, and I was being run backward toward the rail. Beyond, the sea reared and yawned. I was being driven toward it.

An enemy was trying to fling me overboard!

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

Southland Stories

Why He Feared

(Continued from page five.)

into my heart. I saw that the five faces about me were glowering; but I did not know whether it was from anger or from fear. One of the moonshiners spoke, and in his speech he said that which haunted the minds of the other four.

"'What in the name o' Moses makes that thar jarrin' noise?'

"'Try it over!' urged one of the others, a particularly vengeful man.

"So the rope was knotted once more and tested once more and once more thrown over the outstanding branch of the poplar. The five laid rather nervous hands upon it and began to pull—when it parted again, and at the same point in connection with the tree branch!

"At this the mountaineers seemed frozen. Consternation, created quickly in the minds of those unread sons of the wild, sat supreme on their dark, bearded faces. I began to hope a little more that I would be saved; and I was too glad in this hope that the cup of death would be spared me to inquire of myself concerning the mysterious agency that was at work in my behalf.

"But my captors were not yet wholly beaten. They threw me to the ground and bound my feet to prevent my escaping; then went into the laurels of the mountainside above the cliff and began to search for the thing or person that had opposed them.

"Seeing that they had disappeared among the thick, green bushes, I rolled over twice and began to saw the bonds on my feet against the sharp edge of a stone that stood on the bank of the creek. But I lost my balance before I had accomplished anything, and fell some two yards, striking my head heavily on a stone that lay in the rim of the pool below the falls. A thousand lights flashed and I sank into darkness

"When I came to, I was lying across the shoulder of a tall man, who was staggering along doggedly through the night. Both of us were soaking wet; I was chilled. I asked to be put down The tall man complied. I feel that I cannot dwell upon that terrible journey. It was long past midnight when we reached the cabin home of the man who had saved my life.

"A woman admitted us and lighted a candle. I noted that she was slim and that she had a motherly face; I noted, also, that the features of her husband, my savior, were strong and clear, and that his hair and beard were as black as jet. When I had taken a chair, the mountaineer pointed to the wound on my head. His wife understood; she bathed the bruise, then applied a bandage skillfully.

"A little later, when we were sipping hot coffee, I asked to be enlightened concerning the manner in which my host had saved me. I had asked the same question when we were struggling over the mountains; but he had whispered that we must not talk for fear of being overheard. The mountaineer looked toward me with a faint smile.

"'I'll tell you,' he said, 'in as few words as possible—because you'll have to leave here afore daylight. I hain't edzactly afeard to have it knowed that I befriended you; still, that thar bunch that had you is a pretty pizen bunch, and I'd ruther not have trouble.

"'A man who can shoot a hossha'r in two at twenty-five steps shorely ought 'o shoot as big a thing as a rope in two at sixty, hadn't he ought 'o? So I shot the rope in two—but I know I did; jest wait a minute.

"'I follered you and yore guide acrost the mountains, a-thinkin' you'd need help. When they was a-surroundin' you on the clift, I was a-sizin' up trees for the handiest hangin' place—and I shore guessed right. I was on t'other side o' the creek, above the falls, in the lorrels. At first, I meant to do the shootin' open, and t'ell with the difference; but, seein' that a holler log laid close to hand, I resorted to a trick, so to speak.

"'One end o' that thar log had a big hole in it; t'other end had a little hole in it—about as big as yore eye. I turned the log until the little hole p'inted straight to'ards the hangin' limb; then I crawled in the big hole, and stopped it up ahind of me with pieces o' bark and rotten wood. I done my shootin' through the little hole, thereby makin' the crack o' my gun mighty nigh nothin', although it durned near bu'sted my head. When you fell, I sneaked down, waded the creek and got you, takin' you up to the falls and through 'em to a hole ahind of 'em. Thar I waited until night, and then set out for home with you on my shoulder.'

"An effective, if primitive, gun silencer, wasn't it?

"'I can't thank you enough——' I began, when the mountaineer interrupted me

"'Thank yoreself,' he said, 'for havin' the heart in you to git down offen yore hoss and tear up a brand new han'kerchief to tie up a pore little mountain boy's sore toe with. Also, you let him ride yore hoss home while you walked. I'm that thar boy's pap, Big Jake Holloway.'

"I cannot go to arrest that man. It's really a case of being afraid—afraid of my conscience. What's that? I don't have to go! I thank you for that, Mr. Davenport!"

The Ledger will contain another of these fine Southland stories next week, entitled "The Blood Tie." Readers will find it unusual and highly dramatic. Don't miss any of these stories of Tennessee people. They are too good to be passed by.

* * *

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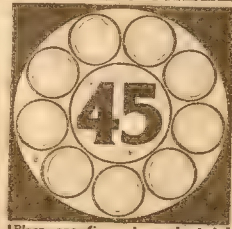

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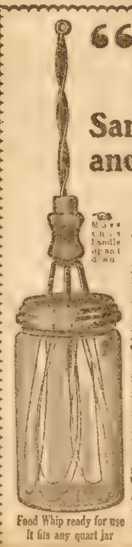
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What Alicia Did.

"At first I thought I should not listen," explained the girl who likes to talk, "but the evil side of me conquered. Anyhow it was at the opera with dozens of persons about and the man spoke in a loud and imperative sort of voice. He was talking to some one directly behind me.

"'No,' he declared in firm tones, 'mother simply would not have one in the house! It has been her strict rule ever since I can remember! Why, I really believe mother would never recover from the disgrace of it! She has always said that she never could hold up her head again if anything like that came into the family!'

"I always like to hear a grown man quote his mother as though he still had the utmost confidence in her, even after he is old enough to think for himself.

"So, at that, I squirmed around and pretended that I recognized a friend ten rows back, and thus I was able to look at the man who was talking.

"He was young and a bit intense and he was dressed faultlessly. You could tell at a glance that he belonged to our very best people and never wore the wrong sort of tie. If I were a man, by the way, I think I should lie down and die trying to keep a supply of the right sort of neckwear to go with different grades of apparel.

"The young woman to whom he spoke was listening intently, with a sort of sympathizing expression. I fancied that his trouble was deep, and I felt that I was going to hear about the family skeleton if I listened to him hard enough.

"'It has been a recognized requirement in the family,' he went on, almost defiantly. 'All of us knew that the Winkles would not endure the thought of such a thing! And now——' The poor young man's voice broke with emotion.

"I was so excited that I dropped my program and then my vanity case and then my handkerchief. When the man who had paid his good money for opera seats just to take me looked at me in mild surprise and inquired if anything was the trouble, I merely glared at him in an absorbed silence.

"'Does your head ache?' dutifully asked my escort.

"'Sh-h!' I told him, fiercely.

"Behind me the young man proceeded. 'To think that Alicia would do such a thing!' he said bitterly.

"So it was Alicia who had disgraced the family! I hitched farther back in my chair and turned one shoulder on the man who was with me and who persisted in talking to me. I never had liked the name Alicia, anyhow. I could believe almost anything of a girl named Alicia. She must have done something perfectly awful, judging from the quaver in the young man's voice. I felt sorry for him. It is terrible to grow up entirely respectable and then through no fault of yours be covered with shame and confusion by somebody near and dear to you. But what under creation had the girl done?

"'Alicia's a nice girl,' ventured the young woman to whom the young man was talking.

"'Oh, yes,' he agreed, clearly with a mental reservation. 'Of course you don't expect a sister-in-law to carry on the traditions of the family exactly, but you do look for realization of the—the decencies of life! I shouldn't have believed it of Alicia!'

"'If you don't keep still,' I told my escort fiercely, 'I—I'll choke you!'

"What had Alicia gone and done? I was determined to learn. Nothing short of eloping with somebody's husband, I was certain!

"'Alicia's a perfect hostess,' ventured the girl, extenuatingly.

"How stupid of her to fancy that the trivial virtue of hospitality could condone a thing as serious as whatever Alicia had done!

"'We've all depended on her since mother has been away,' admitted the young man, with a sigh. 'Then to have this happen! None of us suspected—none of us dreamed it of her! I am thankful mother is away, for she could never endure it. You can't imagine the shock! I came home——"

"'What is the matter with you?' begged my escort, humbly.

"I jammed my elbow against his arm and turned still farther from him. It was rude of me thus to intrude myself into the sorrows of an utter stranger, but if I failed to hear what Alicia had done I knew that I'd never smile again!

"'To come home,' the young man repeated, drearily, 'to your own home—and when you open the door and walk in to be met by that—to be almost knocked down!'

"Good gracious! Alicia's eloping partner must have been desperate at being discovered!

"'Yes,' he said to a murmured question, 'I realized it all immediately. Alicia had onions cooked for dinner! Onions!'

"'It was only onions!' I gasped weakly at my exasperated escort, as I slumped over against him.

"To this day he thinks that I'm crazy."

* * *

HORSES.

I am very fond of horses,
From the Shetland, small and neat,
Up to the mighty Percheron,
With whiskers on his feet.

I love the proud Arabian,
The Kentucky thoroughbred,
The English cob, the hunter,
And the broncho—when he's led.

"Horse of another color."
The homely clotheshorse, too,
But best of all the horses
I like the "horse on you."

I like the mild hors d'oeuvre,
De combat and concours,
The saw horse and, in politics,
The "dark horse," to be sure.

I like all kinds of horses,
But let me take my pick
And I'll choose a big six-cylinder,
Late-model auto, quick!

* * *

Did His Best.

"Yesterday," began the man who traveled for a biscuit company, as he dealt the cards, "I dropped into Obbs' grocery to take his order.

"Obbs was at the 'phone as I walked into his store. I heard him say: 'Yes, Mrs. Flubb, I'll send them right over.'

"Then he called to a boy: 'Ten cents worth of potatoes for Flubb. Take 'em right over.'

"The boy soon departed. 'All my wagons are at the other end of town,' Obbs explained, 'so I had to send my boy with the potatoes.'

"'That's the way it is,' I said, shaking hands with Obbs. 'Wagons all at the ends of the blessed earth and a rush order comes in!'

"Obbs only grunted. I took out my pencil and pad—but just then the 'phone rang again. 'Yes, Mrs. Flubb,' I heard Obbs say. 'Five cents' worth of matches? All right. I'll send them right over. Yes, the boy is on his way with the potatoes, but I'll send my man with the matches. That's all right, Mrs. Flubb.'

"Then the man was told to go with the matches. He took off his apron very deliberately and departed for the Flubb residence, grumbling.

"'Pretty good customer,' I remarked to Obbs. 'Orders something every five minutes.'

"Obbs grunted and looked at his watch. I wet my pencil and started to write when a man came in and began to size up the apples. Obbs started to exhibit the apples and explain their good points to the customer when the 'phone rang again.

"'Yes, Mrs. Flubb,' said Obbs at the 'phone. 'Yes, the matches are on the way. Soap? Five cents? Well—er—yes, I will run over with it myself.'

"The customer who was looking at apples appeared to be keenly interested. I explained to him that a certain Mrs. Flubb was evidently in the habit of having her groceries arrive in relays. Obbs departed with the bar of soap and as soon as he was on his way the 'phone rang again

"'No doubt it is Mrs. Flubb,' I said. So I went over to the 'phone.

"'Hello.' I said. 'Yes, Mrs. Flubb; 10 cents' worth of prunes? I will bring them right over.'

"I looked up her address, grabbed some prunes and started out, first directing the customer to answer Mrs. Flubb the next time the 'phone rang and deliver whatever she wanted, as in all probability the boy who had departed for her house with the potatoes would soon return to take charge of the store.

"Just as I went out of the door the 'phone rang again. I stopped to listen. The customer went to the 'phone.

"'Yes, Mrs. Flubb,' I heard him say. 'Ten cents' worth of salt? All right. I will bring it right over. Guess you are having a sort of grocery employes' reunion at your house today, aren't you? There are four men on the way there, and I will make five. I must say that I admire your method of ordering groceries

"'Oh, I am impudent, am I? And you will report me! Who am I? I am Phineas Arbuthnot Flubb, your adoring husband, that's who I am.'"

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GENTLE JABS

Failure is often spoiled by success.

The promoter is a sort of drum-major of industry.

It is unwise to trust the man who trusts no one.

Ignorance is the inspiration of nearly all arguments.

Still, a woman's vanity isn't in it with a man's conceit.

Being the friend of a "good fellow" is an expensive job.

Every man has his own idea of what a good time consists.

Eloquence is ordinary gab with its Sunday garments on.

The dog in the manger is only one of the chronic growlers.

And every girl wauts to swipe a name for herself—by marrying.

Even a girl's heartache is forgotten when she has the toothache.

A man's conceit looks suspiciously like wisdom—from his point of view.

A man isn't necessarily a coward because he is afraid of consequences

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing—if her small brother possesses it.

Most of us spend more time than money—for good and sufficient reasons

A woman's eyes sometimes indicate a lot of swear words she dare not utter.

If a man is too lazy to stand up and tell the truth he's apt to lie about it.

Colonel Barley Corn says he can't understand why some men want the earth if it's two-thirds water.

The way of the transgressor may be hard, and there are other ways that are not easy.

When you have saved up enough money to invest in doubtful mining stocks—buy an overcoat.

There are several undesirable brands of trust, but trusting to luck is as unsatisfactory as any

One of the nicest things about a vacation is that you don't have to take it unless you want to.

Poor Eve must have found life awfully monotonous with no other woman to envy or be jealous of.

When a girl jilts a young man she may do him a great kindness—but he doesn't realize it until later.

Yes, Alonzo, it is possible for a man and a woman to generate a brand of platonic love that will stand the acid test—if they can be kept 500 miles apart.

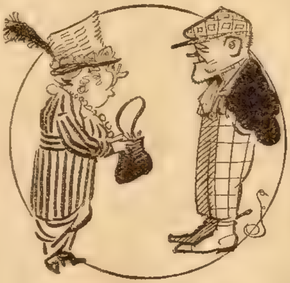
PEPPERS

True Stories About Kiddies.

Company was calling, and mamma, who had been compelled to retire to her room, to change her gown, sent her little girl down to entertain the lady. The child took her place on a stool, nursing her knee, and talking quite volubly. When presently the conversation lagged, the little girl racked her brain, then with a sudden stroke of inventive naivete, she looked up, saying: "My name's Helen. Yes, ma'am, and sometimes they call me Hel' for short."

Mother had just finished dressing Tommy, aged 5, for the evening, twenty minutes ago, and going out into the yard he indulged in the delightful occupation of building a castle of blocks after the manner of one about which his mother had read to him from his storybook, and digging a moat about it, which he filled with water. When mother called him in he was gloriously bespattered. Not only was mother deaf to his pleadings to be allowed to return to his mud and water, but she scolded him, and ordered him to his room, imposing the penalty of supper there, and not seeing daddy. For a moment the small man's lips quivered, then mastering himself and resigning himself to the inevitable, he swept mother with a good-humored glance of patronage, and, shrugging his shoulders, remarked amiably: "Just as you like, Clarice."

Gertrude ran to mother, her eyes big with indignation. "Mother, Freddie says you told a falsehood!" she panted. Freddie was summoned, and questioned, pleading "not guilty." Oh, you did!" accused Gertie. "No, mother; I said you lie." "Mother does not lie," responded mother, reaching for the switch. "Don't you lie in bed at night?" And Freddie dodged under the bed.



Mrs. Goodsole—"You say you are the author of several works on criminology. What was your pen name?"

Jerry Justout—"We didn't have no names in de pen, lady, only numbers"

Pat's Fall.

Pat, an Englishman, and a Scotchman were relating their escapes from being killed.

The Englishman said: "While I was engaged in repairing a spire in London the other day, and when I was about halfway up the building, I missed my footing and down I fell and was nearly killed."

The Scotchman started: "While I and a few other chaps were cutting trees, a couple of months ago, one of the trees, a very big one, fell on top of me and crushed me to the ground, and it's a miracle I was not killed."

Then Pat's turn came to tell about his escape, and he began: "The other day while I was mending the top of a house I fell off a twenty-foot ladder."

"Horrible." said the Scotchman. "You must have been nearly killed?"

"Ah, no," replied Pat, calmly. "I was not hurt in the least."

"How's that?" asked the Scotchman.

"I'll tell you, then," said Pat. "I couldn't have been very much hurt, as I only fell off the first step of it."

A Polite Page.

A story about Charles M. Schwab has been going the rounds of Wall street

Mr. Schwab, who is very fond of farce-comedy, one day bade his secretary get him two tickets for "Charlie's Aunt."

The secretary summoned a page and said:

"Go round to the Gotham theater and get two tickets for 'Charlie's Aunt,' please."

The page hesitated and said:

"But hadn't I better say Mr. Schwab's aunt, sir?"

It Doesn't Last.

Discussing the narrower future that, thanks to "big business," is all the young may now look forward to, William Jennings Bryan said to a New York reporter:

"All men, now as heretofore, are born free and equal. One second after birth, however, they begin to lose ground."

How to Keep a Cook.

Mrs. Leroy Broun has solved a domestic problem. She has learned how to keep a cook. Mrs. Broun is one of that large Southern colony in New York City which keeps up the best traditions of the old South.

"Fifteen years ago," said one of her friends, "Mrs. Broun wanted a cook. So she consulted her nurse.

" 'Um,' said that autocrat. 'Um, I know a ooman. But I dunno whether she suits dis house or not.' "

Mrs. Broun persuaded her nurse to send for the cook. Next day the nurse told her that the "ooman" was in the kitchen. Mrs. Broun went to interview her. A large black woman arose and curtsied when she came in

"Now, honey," said the large, black woman, "you and me is gwine to git along jes' fine, I can see dat. So you run along upstairs and 'tend to yo' quality business and I'll stay down heah in the kitchen and 'tend to mine."

And it was so ordered.

A Great Head.

Sandy McPherson started to build a small outhouse of bricks. After the usual fashion of bricklayers, he worked from the inside, and, having the material close behind him, the walls were rising fast when dinner time arrived, and with it his son Jock, who brought his father's dinner.

With honest pride in his eye, Sandy looked at Jock over the wall on which he was engaged and asked:

"Hoo d'ye think I'm gettin' on, Jock, man?"

"Famous, feyther; but hoo dae ye get oot? You've forgot the door!"

One glance around him showed Sandy that his son was right; but, looking kindly at him, he said:

"Man, Jock, you've got a gran' heid on ye! You'll be an architect yet, as shure's yer feyther's a builder."

Lost His Appetite.

When the United States fleet entered Asiatic waters during the famous round-the-world voyage, a small cruiser was sent ahead to a Chinese port upon official business connected with the cruise. Upon arrival the ship's officers were invited to dine by a Chinese mandarin, and during the meal one of the officers wished a second helping of a certain savory dish which he supposed was duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese, he therefore extended his empty plate, remarking with smiling approval:

"Quack! quack! quack!"

But the officer's appetite failed him suddenly, as his host, with a twinkle of slant, Celestial eyes, shook his head with simple but horrifying response:

"Bow! wow! wow!"

Placing the Blame.

Congressman Jacob A. Canter of New York smiled when the topic turned to the servant girl. He said he was reminded of an incident that happened in the home of Smith, who lives up around Syracuse. In the kitchen of that home there is a servant girl named Norah. When the earthquake tickled its way through Syracuse a while ago, Mrs. Smith was reclining in the sittingroom on the second floor.

Hearing glass breaking, furniture rocking, and crockeryware cracking, she sprang to her feet and hastened to the head of the stair.

"Norah! Norah!" exclaimed the good woman, in an anxious voice. "What in the world are you doing now?"

Explained.

Reginald De Koven some time ago gave one of the most splendid fancy dress balls in New York's history. To a compliment on the ball's success, Mr. De Koven said:

"Well, I am glad the affair didn't turn out like a play whereof a certain critic wrote:

" 'At this point in Act VIII. the moon obscured a cloud.'

The copy editor took the critic to task for this. He said:

" 'Look here, you mean a cloud obscured the moon, don't you?'

" 'No, sir, I don't,' the critic replied firmly. 'These were amateur theatricals and I mean just what I say. The moon slipped and came down over a white cloud, totally obscuring it.' "

An Efficiency Fiend.

The general manager of an Eastern railroad had a dreaded reputation for laying off men whenever he found the slightest excuse

He appeared in the yards one day and two switchmen discussed him.

"He don't look like the man we hear he is," said one

"What do you hear?" the other asked.

"Why, they say when he was at the funeral of Flannery's wife and the six pallbearers came out carrying the coffin he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on, boys! You can get along without two of them!' "

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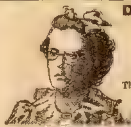

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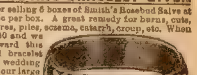

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Warship Adventures

Or, FRANK ALLEN AT SEA

By Julian Fabre

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CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK had just turned into his hammock, prepared to enjoy the sleep of the just, when he heard the murmur of voices nearby, and, looking out, perceived Mr. Briggs and Mr. Bunn, the commissary steward, holding an animated conversation.

"Poor lad, poor lad!" said Mr. Briggs, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I never thought he would come to his end so soon. That lad had the makings of a first-class medium in him, Bunn."

"As fine a boy as ever I knew," agreed the steward. "Poor fellow! I guess the buzzards have got him now, Briggs."

"The buzzards have his body," answered the carpenter's mate, "but not him. His body isn't him. If your materialistic eyes could be opened, Bunn, you'd see him where he is now, haunting the ship, perhaps lying in spirit in that very hammock and serving his country just as before, even though his discarnate corpse is lying mutilated in the streets of Beirut."

And heedless of the steward's scornful sniff, he proceeded to the side of the hammock and stood there, deep in meditation.

"Frank Allen, my lad, you are a brave fellow and a credit to Uncle Sam," he said, soliloquizing. "It will be long before I look upon your like again. Farewell, Frank! You never knew how warm my feelings were toward you."

"Farewell, Mr. Briggs," answered Frank in sepulchral tones, sticking his head out of the blankets and favoring the carpenter's mate with a succession of rapid winks.

The effect on Mr. Briggs was no less disconcerting than that produced by the ape on the Rock. He leaped several feet into the air and then sat down on the gun deck, where he remained staring at the apparition until it snuggled down into its hammock and proceeded to go to sleep.

Frank was so tired that he had actually entered the land of dreams and was trying to dodge Fatima around an ammunition case filled with Armenians' skulls, when he was aroused by hearing Mr. Briggs' voice at his side.

"Frank! Frank! Are you a spirit or is it really you in the flesh?" he heard the carpenter's mate asking.

"It's me all right, I guess," answered Frank, shortly.

"Let me touch your hand, Frank," whispered the other. "It may be you are a spirit and don't know it. Such mistakes are possible when one has only just passed over. Spirits are just as liable to be mistaken as mortals."

Frank, who was tired enough to be a little peevish, caught the carpenter's mate's hand in his and wrung it with all his power, till Mr. Briggs uttered a yell of pain.

"I guess you're no spirit," he said, looking ruefully at his bruised member, and stalked away in an offended manner. It was several days before he spoke to Frank again, so disconcerted was he by the event and by the jeers of Mr. Bunn, who had witnessed the episode from a nearby stanchion.

Frank reported to Captain Merritt under some apprehension the next morning, and was much relieved to find that no blame was attaching to him in the latter's estimation. The Captain listened to Frank's account of his adventures with interest and with a sort of malicious amusement, even.

"I'll keep you aboard until the ship sails," he said, "and that will save you from any trouble with Fatima."

Nevertheless, Frank lived in hourly apprehension that that redoubtable lady, having carried out her program, so far as Khadija was concerned, would pay him a visit. He was indeed relieved when, two days later, the town having been pacified by an unexpected display of energy on the part of its Governor, the Albany received orders to proceed upon her voyage.

She was to put in at Alexandria and then proceed across the Indian Ocean, visiting several Asiatic ports on the way, and winding up at Manila, where she was to be attached to the Pacific Squadron. The prospect of the long voyage and the chance of visiting so many foreign ports were highly gratifying to all on board.

Before the Albany left Beirut Frank received a letter from Nikhals Pasha. The Governor announced his firm intention of returning to America as soon as he could leave the Turkish service.

"My life, at present, is a foretaste of what the Moslems think will be meted out to unbelievers after death," he wrote. "Fatima has gone on the rampage and put something in Katie's coffee last night. Happily I had missed my spare pair or eyeglasses, and found them there just in time—ground up small. She has also located an empty beer bottle in my clothes closet, and I have not yet succeeded in convincing her that it contained aromatic essence of gasoline, designed to make me invisible. I am seriously thinking of pronouncing a divorce and handing her over to His Reverence Hadjid Ibrahim Suleiman, our chief priest, whose eyes, I have noticed, seem to wander in her direction when she sits over his head in the gallery of the mosque. Peace be with you, which is more than it is with me, and look for me and Katie in little old Milbury some time when you least expect us."

The Albany put in at Alexandria and Frank and Walt obtained sufficient leave to visit the Pyramids. They looked into the secret chambers, inspected the Sphinx, rode on donkeyback, and were blackmailed by thievish Arabs. They rejoined their ship surfeited with these marvels, and the Albany passed through the Suez Canal and entered the Red Sea, where the seamen stewed and gasped and sweated until Aden was reached. Thence, in cooler, but not much cooler, weather, the ship turned eastward to make the run across the Indian Ocean to Bombay, the next port of call.

India proved an endless source of amazement to all. The mixture of old with new, of automobiles with palanquins, frock coats and loin cloths, sleek, coal-black Bengalis with European features and British Tommies in their red coats, elephants, monkeys, idols, and sacred bulls was a spectacle that never wearied.

One morning the two young men had stopped to look at a walnut-colored old gentleman attired in a frock coat, a turban, yellow shoes, and a pair of trousers which were evidently the nether garments of a suit of pajamas, who came strolling along absent-mindedly and muttering to himself in the middle of the traffic.

"He'd better look out or he'll get hurt," thought Frank, and the next instant the old gentleman stepped directly in front of an automobile. A jet-black chauffeur squeezed the horn bulb and shouted. Frank made a swift side-step and yanked the old gentleman out of danger, but the machine caught him and sent him sprawling. He rolled over and over, and the chauffeur, with that nonchalance characteristic of his race in other lands, drove on with accelerated speed.

Frank and Walt picked him up, and were about to depart when the old gentleman detained them.

"I thank you, I thank you!" he exclaimed. "You have revitalized me. Ormuzd will certainly pronounce anathemas upon those abominable automobile carriages that profane the most sacred of the elements."

The latter part of the speech was evidently in the nature of a soliloquy, and the old gentleman would probably have gone on his way absent-mindedly had not his eyes fallen upon Frank again.

"Ah! It is you who have revitalized me!" he exclaimed, and pulled a purse out of his pocket.

"Will you condescend to accept this pecuniary indemnity?" he asked, offering him a five-pound note.

"No, thank you, sir," answered Frank, flushing with vexation.

"But you have revitalized me!" protested the old gentleman. "Surely an English sailor will not revitalize me for nothing."

"You are wrong, sir; we are Americans," Frank answered.

The old gentleman's face became radiant. He seized them by the hands.

"An American!" he exclaimed. "Then, beyond doubt you have cognizance of my son Jeebhee—Jeebhee surnamed Jumboy, resident at Number 67 Milk street, New York."

"I know him well," said Walt, winking at Frank.

"Praise be to Ormuzd!" shouted Mr. Jeebhee. "Come home with me to dinner. It is six moons since he has written to me, and I feared some evil fortune had befallen him. Come home and I will present my spouse to you, and my female offspring, and you shall speak about Jeebhee. My spouse is disconsolate. My female offspring pines away. Come! Come!"

He linked one arm through an arm of either of the young men, and led them a short distance to the door of a magnificent mansion, set in an extensive garden, which indicated by its imposing exterior that its owner was a man of ample means.

If the exterior suggested this opinion, the interior confirmed it. The furniture was all of inlaid teak, the hall was laid with costly Indian rugs, and the receptionroom was aglow with brocaded satin and Persian weavings.

As the old gentleman, still grasping his guests, entered the chamber, two ladies rose and advanced—no, floated toward them. They looked like houris in cocoons—at least, the younger did. She was attired, like her mother, in a balloon of yellow silk, which terminated, round her ankles, in two tight sleeves heavily ballasted with anklets of hammered gold. Her straight, dark hair was coiled in masses round and about her head, and as she bowed in greeting earrings of gold filigree shook musically.

The old gentleman, hastily divesting himself of his frock coat, now appeared in a suit of silk pajamas, of rose color, and a long muslin overgarment of striking appearance, decorated, as it was, with finely woven flowers. It was bound with a cord which fastened in front with a double knot.

"Spouse! Female child!" shouted the old gentleman. "Ormuzd the Merciful has rained a double blessing upon me this day. He has saved my life at the hands of these youthful sailors, and at the same time has brought into my house friends of my dear son Jeebhee."

Evidently the family habitually spoke English, for at these words there appeared upon the mother's face an expression of such happiness that Walt felt ashamed of the deception, and Frank felt extremely uncomfortable. During the next half-hour the two young men were at their wits' ends to supply information concerning the missing son, but, having once begun, both were resolved, for the mother's sake, not to betray themselves.

"And how does he fare in his new business?" inquired Mr. Jumboy. "He last wrote to inform us that he had engaged it what is termed the push-the-cart. Is that a profitable occupation?"

"It is both profitable and respected," answered Walt.

"And is he honored in his new country? Is he acquiring wealth?" Mr. Jumboy persisted, and before he had finished Walt had made Jeebhee the most likely candidate for mayor at the next municipal elections.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a slight, sallow young man, dressed like his host, who was introduced as Mr. Yazmee, the astrologer. He favored Frank and Walt with a scowl of suspicion and aversion. Mr. Jumboy led the way without further parley into a diningroom, also furnished with teakwood, and upholstered in pale blue satin. They took their seats at the table, and after Mr. Jeebhee had rattled off an interminable prayer he pressed a bell, and a coal-black servant brought in a dish of curry, which proved the prelude to an amazing and most substantial meal.

"When one possesses an only child," said Mr. Jumoby—evidently he regarded his daughter only as offspring—"one wishes to ascertain even the smallest details concerning his existence. As the poet Firdusi has said:

'As the last apple hung from a withered
branch,
So is a single child in thine old age.'

"It is my great desire to see Jeebhee married," he continued. "Now, I have other offspring, as you have noticed, and concerning her the strangest difficulty has arisen. I have betrothed her to a young gentleman of wealth, but Mr. Yazmee, my astrologer here, informs me that the season is not propitious for her marriage, and that, should she be married now, I will infallibly suffer financial losses."

"The stars are very bad," muttered Mr. Yazmee, shooting a glance of deadly hatred at Frank, who sat next to the daughter.

"Will they improve with the equinox?" inquired Mr. Jumboy, submissively. "I should not like to lose my cinnamon cargo, now on the water."

"It is difficult to reply without casting a new horoscope," said the astrologer. "The stars say now that, should your daughter marry, you will inevitably lose your cinnamon cargo. However, if Aldebaran loses his ruddy glow before the Sun enters the Fish, perchance the disaster may become less threatening."

Mr. Jumboy sighed deeply and said no more. After the meal was ended he placed a handkerchief over his face and began to snore, while his wife withdrew, leaving the two young men, the daughter, and the astrologer together.

Frank was expecting everything to fade away and reveille to sound, when the young lady turned to him suddenly and said:

"Of course you have never even heard of my brother Jeebhee?"

"No, Miss Jumboy," stammered Frank, taken at a loss.

"I knew you had not," she answered. "And I thank you both for giving this encouragement to my parents, whose hearts are wrapped up in my brother. You would hardly believe," she continued, "that father is one of Bombay's richest merchants, and yet he is a Parsee of the old school, and imbued with all its traditions. To him the world is a very little place, and time and again he has brought

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home Americans, thinking they could give him information concerning his son. You are from the Albany are you not?"

"Yes, miss," said Walt and Frank together.

"Will you give me your names?" she whispered in a lower voice, darting a sudden, fearful look at her father. "We —I need aid. Perhaps you can help me. It is desperate——"

Her eyes filled with tears, which fell down on the yellow robe. She looked grotesque and infinitely pitiful as she sat there, a modern woman in a barbaric environment, typical of so many of India's women. She seemed like a pampered slave.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Jumboy, suddenly awakening and snatching the handkerchief from his face. "You weep, my offspring, for my son Jeebhee?"

"Yes, father," said the girl, submissively.

"Cease weeping. I do not weep!" said her father, severely, and went to sleep again.

Frank and Walt arose, with stammered apologies. The situation seemed to have become difficult.

"Your names?" whispered the girl, and Frank gave them.

"If I send you a message you will aid me?" she whispered again, as they stood at the door.

Frank had just time to promise when the black butler came noiselessly up and stood before them. He opened the front door, and as he turned his back, leaving the girl and the astrologer together, Frank's sharp ears caught a slight but unmistakable sound. It was that of a kiss.

They looked at each other when they stood in the street again.

"Do you catch on?" asked Frank.

"I do," said Walt. "That girl's a prisoner and they're trying to marry her off, and she's in love with Mr. Yazmee!"

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANK stood upon the wharf and fingered a letter which he had received on the preceding evening. He had obtained liberty till midnight, but Walt had not been so fortunate. Frank's dilemma was increased by the fact that he had not his friend to consult. He reread the letter in doubt and hesitation.

"Dear Mr. Allen," it ran, "I want your aid, for I have only one friend in the world besides yourself, and he is powerless, for the Guardian of the Tower would keep him back, but you are stronger and braver. I cannot write more, for I am constantly watched, and even this letter may fall into unfriendly hands. But help me, I implore you. Come to my father's house at noon tomorrow, and when you have seen me, never lose sight of me until Yazmee comes to you. He trusts you, and my life and happiness depend on you.

"From most unhappy MISHTA."

Frank racked his brains, but try as he might, he could only imagine that Mishta and her astrologer sweetheart were contriving some plan for elopement. She loved the young man, he knew, and it was evident that she dared not ask her father's consent to their marriage.

But his sailor's blood flowed more freely at the thought of an adventure, especially when it involved the prospect of a fight and the rescue of beauty in distress. He started in the direction of Mr. Jumboy's house, pondering all the way.

The Tower! What tower, and what part did it play in the conspiracy? The only towers that Frank had seen were two tall, massive structures that stood in a grove of tropical trees on the summit of Malabar Hill, overlooking the ocean. He had thought the place was some sort of park, but it was entirely deserted, and from the number of hideous-looking vultures that floated round the buildings, Frank had come to the conclusion that they were some sort of Hindu temple.

It was not without much retracing of his footsteps that Frank finally reached the door of Mr. Jumboy's house. The door stood open, and from within came the sound of loud wailing.

As he stood on the threshold, half-timid about entering, a bier emerged, carried by four of the horrible-looking creatures who, Frank knew, were Pariah Hindus, assigned to the performance of the lowest and most menial duties. And there, lying beneath a covering of white, was Mishta.

From within came the unceasing wailing. Frank hesitated no longer, but sprang into the house. In the reception-room sat the parents, weeping noisily, while a priest intoned prayers for the dead. Everywhere was an odor of carbolic acid.

"Ah! My daughter! My daughter!" moaned Mr. Jumboy.

In his bereavement he had forgotten that she was only his offspring.

"My daughter!" wailed the mother, and then they forgot the English which, like all educated Parsees, they spoke habitually, and mourned in their own tongue.

"Is Mishta dead?" cried Frank, unable to believe that that white form which he had seen could have been she.

"Ai! Ai! Dead! Dead of the plague!" moaned the old man. "Begone, lest you, too, die of it."

Frank was overcome with horror. He knew the suddenness of the onslaught of this dire disease. But who could have thought that Mishta would be struck down, and in a single day?

"Begone!" cried the father again. "My daughter! Ai! Ai! My jewel! My only one! Even now she goes to the fire temple, and thence to the Tower of Silence, whither I cannot go, for the Health Board has quarantined me. Begone, lest the Health Board quarantine you also!"

Frank turned and ran out of the house. A flash of intuition had warned him that he must not disobey the instructions in Mishta's letter. She had asked him to keep her in sight till Yazmee came to him. There was the bier, far up the street, and all who encountered it, knowing the meaning of the four outcast bearers, shrank away in fear and loathing from the dreaded pestilence.

Frank followed the bearers till they began to ascend the Malabar Hill; then he went closer. Nobody paid any attention to him. The bier entered the gate of the park and turned into a temple. Through the open doors Frank could see a fire burning.

He trembled with horror. Were they about to cast the body of the beautiful girl into the flames?

A temple servant barred his way when he endeavored to enter. Frank saw that the bier had been deposited in front of the fire. He could still see the motionless body of Mishta lying beneath the canopy. He halted, watching. He was resolved to enter and save her from the flames should the attendants attempt any crematory procedure.

The droning of an invisible priest came faintly to his ears. Upon the altar the fire flickered. The Pariahs, who had withdrawn outside the sacred enclosure, approached the bier again. Frank poised himself to spring. But they only took up their burden and came out again.

They carried the bier to a little wooden gate at the base of one of the towers and set it down. Two priests came out and took the body from its resting-place, carrying it on a stretcher, one at the head and the other at the feet. Frank heard them shuffling up a flight of stone stairs. Then they returned, without Mishta, and re-entered their chamber.

Frank understood very little of this procedure, but he imagined that the tower contained a sort of receiving vault in which the dead were placed pending their burial or cremation. He did not know which ceremony was in use among the Parsees. He did not dare to express, even to himself, the thoughts in his mind; he was concerned entirely with obeying Mishta's instructions. He was waiting for Yazmee.

He saw a commotion among the vultures that inhabited the grove. One by one the hideous birds languidly sailed upward from the ground and circled round the summit of the tower. Frank was glad to think that the strong walls of the stone building protected the girl from these carrion creatures.

They circled the walls and began to alight on the top of the tower. Evidently there was a depression there, for as they waddled round and round Frank could see only an occasional wing raised, or the horrible bald forehead and beak.

Frank looked at his watch. It was nearly seven. The sun was sinking; it would be dark in a few minutes. And Yazmee had not come. He did not know what to do. He did not relish waiting there till nearly midnight.

But as he put his watch away he saw Yazmee coming through the grove. The astrologer made a gesture for silence and drew him into the thick of the trees. His lips were trembling and his face was expressive of intense excitement.

"Where is she?" he cried, in a hissing whisper. "You have her here?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Frank, almost equally agitated. "I had a letter from her. She told me to follow her and wait for you."

"She is not—on that tower?" almost screamed the astrologer.

Frank stared at the astrologer in horror. On that tower? Among those birds? His brain was numbed at the thought. He had sensed that Mishta was not dead; he had guessed all along that in some way she was contriving to escape to her lover. But now——

Yazmee was speaking.

"Listen, my friend," he mumbled, making a desperate effort to control his voice. "It was planned. I gave her a drug which makes one lie like the dead for four and twenty hours. Then—one wakes. But all our dead go to the vultures, and they will not know. At first they will be afraid; then, if she does not wake——"

Frank dashed toward the tower and hammered upon the door. As the old priest came shuffling to the entrance, he thrust his fist into his face and forced the old fellow back against the stone wall, where he clung bleating. As the head of the second priest appeared at the base of the tower Frank sprang past him, rushed up the winding stairs, and reached the open air.

The summit of the tower contained a hollow receptacle, some six feet deep, surrounded by a circular platform of stone, about seven feet wide, on which perched scores of vultures. As Frank emerged he saw one of the birds hop down upon the body. He was just in time.

Mishta lay as she had been placed by the priests, resting at the bottom of the receptacle upon a grating of iron, with bars just wide enough to permit the remnants of the vultures' feast to fall into a pit beneath. Frank flung himself upon the carrions, striking at them like a madman. They rose and fluttered into the air, their hateful wings fanning him, almost precipitating him to the base of the tower, where the priests stood screaming.

He snatched the body of the girl in his arms and carried her down the stairs, past the two terrified attendants, and into the grove where Yazmee waited. A moment later the lovers were united. Love must have worked magic, for in that moment Frank saw a shudder pass over Mishta's form, and her eyelids trembled.

He stood still, watching the astrologer carry his sweetheart through the trees. The sound of his footfalls on the ground grew fainter. Then he heard a carriage roll down the other side of Malabar Hill, and knew that they were safe from pursuit.

Frank made his way thoughtfully back to the ship. He had seen all of India that he wanted to see.

CHAPTER XV.

AS THE latitude decreased shivers of apprehension began to be felt by the junior members of the crew of the Albany, in spite of the grilling heat of the Indian Ocean. These were due to the approach of that ancient sea ceremony attendant upon the process of "crossing the Line," and the older hands, who had been long ago initiated into Neptune's mysteries, carefully fed the imagination and the fears of the younger men.

Frank Allen, Gunner's Mate, Third Class, and Walt Marsden, Quartermaster, Third Class, had neither entered latitude zero. Nor, for the matter of that, had all the officers. Everybody looked forward to the event that was to come, and those who had not been initiated were keen to have the event a matter of past history.

Frank was in the ship's library on the evening before the day on which the vessel was to pass from north to south latitude, when he heard a commotion outside. He hurried on deck. A hail came from the water through a megaphone:

"On board that craft!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Heave to, ye landlubbers, and receive messengers from His Majesty Neptunus Rex."

The engines were stopped, the Albany lay to obediently, and soon His Majesty's envoys appeared over the bow. At first sight they might have been mistaken for mere mortals, but it was soon evident that nature had well adapted them to their watery existence, for in place of arms they had gigantic fins terminating in claws, and their feet were webbed and formed the terminal points of legs coated with scales like armor-plate. Marine growths had also been bestowed upon them in place of hair, doubtless because this was more convenient.

The chief messenger, advancing a few paces in front of his satellites, addressed the officer of the deck.

"My August Monarch, His Majesty King Neptune, desires to transmit an important communication to the captain of your ship," he said, "and I likewise bear subpoenas for those among your crew who have not yet made submission to His Majesty. Summon your captain before me immediately, under pain of dire and dreadful punishments and penalties."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the deck officer, and hurried to the bridge, where Captain Merritt then was. Meanwhile the crew was mustered, and those who had not yet undergone initiation received their subpoenas. Frank's ran as follows:

"Neptunus Rex, Emperor and Overlord of Equatoria Marina, to Frank Allen, Landlubber, Greeting:

"Whereas you have had the contumacy to enter Our August Domains without having received Our Gracious Permission and displaying the Certificate of Initiation which entitles you to the honorable rank of Shellback, you are hereby summoned to appear before Us in Person in Latitude 0-00-00 degrees, Longitude 94-30 East, at noon tomorrow, there to make humble obeisance and to submit yourself to be purged of your offense.

"(Signed) NEPTUNUS REX.
"Witness, DAVY JONES."

While the men were reading their subpoenas, Captain Merritt put in his appearance and the chief messenger, in sonorous phrases, bade him welcome to

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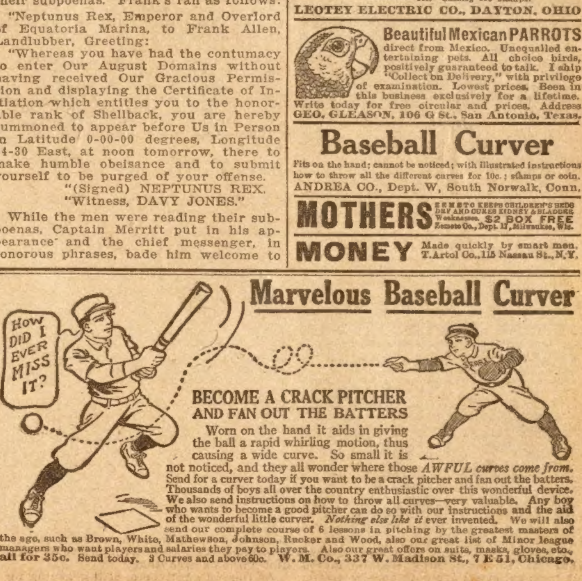
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his master's realm and informed him that King Neptune would honor him with a visit at noon on the next day, the hour at which it was expected that the Albany would make the transit.

On the morrow preparations were begun early to receive the monarch of the sea. The entire ship's company was mustered, thrones were erected for His Majesty and his spouse, and at noon, while the band played and a guard of honor was drawn up to receive him, Neptune clambered aboard, accompanied by his beautiful fish-tailed consort, Queen Amphitrite; his doctor, barber, and secretary, and company of tritons. Upon the deck a large tarpaulin had been stretched, being suspended in such a way as to form a tank, and this was now filled, by the royal doctor's prescription, with sea water, containing a free admixture of coal tar, glue, and molasses. Three barbers' chairs were set up on a platform a little above this.

The first to undergo initiation was Mr. Bunn. He had crossed the Line once before, and had somehow escaped his sentence, and he loudly protested when he was hauled up on deck before the King.

"Mr. Bunn," inquired His Majesty, "will your constitution permit you to undergo initiation into the honorable order of Shellbacks?"

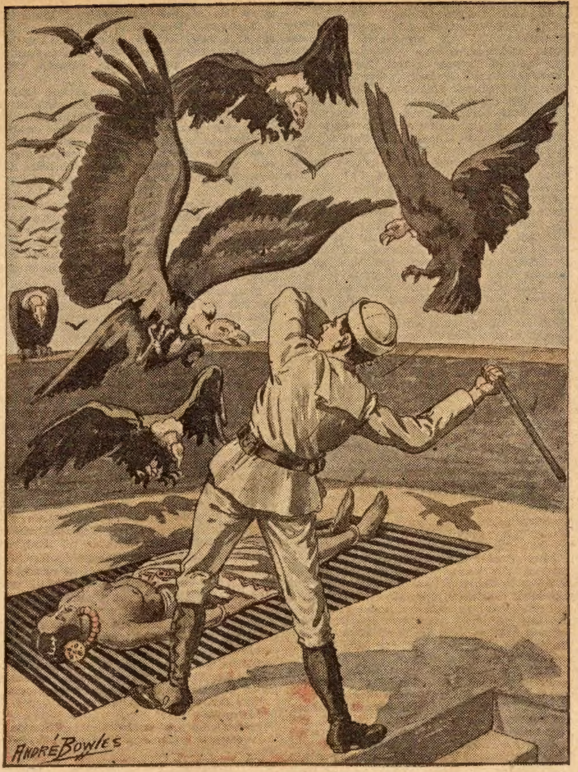
It was never known whether Mr. Bunn's constitution was fortified for this proceeding or not, for, as he opened his mouth to answer, a pill the size of a walnut, compounded of soft soap and cayenne pepper, was thrust into it.

"Your Majesty," announced Dr. Jalap, "the patient is now, in my opinion, in a condition to be initiated."

Whereupon, while Mr. Bunn was still choking over his dose, the royal barbers seized him and thrust him into a chair. There, amid universal shouts of merriment, his face was lathered with a mixture of glue, grease, and tar, he was shaved with a wooden razor the size of a frying-pan, a lever was pressed, and Mr. Bunn toppled backward into the tarpaulin and went under.

But his subsequent plight passed unnoticed, for now a second and a third victim were in the chair, and again the lever was pressed and they went under. Walt and Frank took their turns, together with two ensigns and four midshipmen, who manfully declined to purchase commutation of their sentences with a barrel of beer apiece. The fun waxed most hilarious when a victim offered resistance, for then the tortures were ingeniously prolonged, the tritons flogged him with their clubs, and Dr. Jalap's prescription called for a larger bolus.

Frank preserved his certificate of initiation, which the royal secretary gave him. He knew that at some future time he might be glad of it.



He was jusl in time.

Deck hose and scrubbing brushes soon removed all traces of Neptune's visit, and the Albany continued her course southward. She touched at Singapore, threaded the Macassar Strait, and at length the coast of Luzon was sighted. And [illegible] the fortifications of Cavite were passed and the town of Manila came into view, cheer after cheer went up, for those four little hulls just visible upon the horizon were the battleships of the Pacific Squadron.

For the first time she had left Norfolk the Albany had encountered an American warship, and, it must be admitted, not more than once or twice had she met the American flag flying from a merchantman.

It was indeed pleasant to feel that one was practically on American soil again. The Pasig was filled with craft and shipping, and as the warship steamed through the long lane of ships she received a noisy welcome.

Now came two long expected pleasures. The first was pay, the second mail from home. The Government owed Frank nearly $250, and he at once increased his savings bank deposit to that amount, which left him a liberal supply on hand for present needs.

He found half a dozen letters from his mother. His father had had financial difficulties, she wrote, and had been forced to place a mortgage on the farm. George had proved something of a disappointment, too, and had not settled down steadily to work. But still she hoped everything would turn out all right, and she sent her love and looked forward to seeing Frank again very soon.

On the day following the arrival of the Albany a cutter from one of the other battleships shot alongside and tossed oars under the Albany's bows, this being the method of challenging to a race.

The Albany's crews had not had much opportunity to practice of recent months, whereas the other crews had been in constant training in anticipation of this event. Although there was only a single week in which to prepare, the Albany promptly accepted and got into training. To his delight Frank was accepted as a member, his powerful back and limbs being likely to prove of considerable service.

Four days were spent in practicing for the race, and it was obvious that the Albany had not the ghost of a show in comparison with the other crews. The others had been trained up to the keenest edge, they had eliminated all elements of weakness, whereas there was no unison among the Albany men. As the Albany had made a poor showing at the firing tests, owing to the flare-back, much grumbling was heard that the race should be forced on her at that time.

The day before the race was to have taken place, however, an incident occurred which put all thought of racing out of the men's minds.

CHAPTER XVI.

A REBELLION had broken out among the Moros on the north coast of Mindanao. Under the leadership of the Datto Mohammed, who claimed to have been endowed with the supernatural gift of breathing fire in token of the mission intrusted to him, a band of fanatics had taken to the mountains, whence forays had been made upon native villages and massacres perpetrated.

It was at first planned to dispatch a gunboat to the scene of the uprising, but as the news brought in became more alarming, the authorities resolved to send the Albany instead.

The announcement of sailing orders on the day before the race scheduled was very welcome to the men. The instructions were to proceed to Macabar, on the north coast, with all speed, and there land a force to attack the Moros in their stronghold.

The anchor was weighed, and soon the coast of Luzon had faded into the horizon. The Albany threaded the maze of islands in the difficult and only half-charted Philippines without mishap, and on the third morning the coast of Mindanao was sighted. In due time the little town of Macabar was seen, nestling at the base of a high range of peaks, somewhere among which the Datto had his stronghold. As the Stars and Stripes could be seen flying from the fort, universal relief was felt.

As the Albany drew near there were heard the seven shots of salutation. Since the shallow approach did not permit large vessels to anchor at the wharf, the Albany lay to in the roadstead, and Captain Merritt entered his gig and started for the shore. The boat was about a hundred yards from the wharf when, to the consternation of all, there came a rattle of musketry from the mud barracks, and the gig put about and started immediately for the ship. At the same time the Stars and Stripes came down and the crescent flag of Islam went up over the fort.

As was afterwards learned, the American garrison, which consisted of a single troop, with native auxiliaries, had evacuated Macabar to attack the Moros in the hills. They found the enemy in unexpected strength and, outnumbered by twenty to one and ambuscaded, they had been compelled to entrench themselves. Meanwhile a few malcontents among the constabulary had revolted and seized the barracks, together with a six-inch gun which occupied an embrasure in the fort. But for the overconfidence on the part of the natives, Captain Merritt would have gone straight to his death.

Thanks to their erratic marksmanship, the gig reached the Albany without casualties. Immediately General Quarters was sounded. To destroy the town by gunfire would have been a trivial matter, but Captain Merritt was loath to inflict that injury upon the peaceful Tagal population, and to shell the fort and barracks without injury to the houses would have been impossible. The Albany accordingly proceeded slowly along the shore to where a sandy beach offered the best facilities for a landing. Two companies of marines and bluejackets were mustered on deck, the thirty-foot cutters, whaleboat, and steam launches were got ready and a couple of three-pounders and two Maxims placed in them. Details of pioneers and signalmen, with hospital and ammunition parties, were assembled, the whole being under the charge of Captain Merritt, who proposed to lead the attack in person. In charge of Frank's cutter was Ensign Wilkins, who had led the rescue party at Beirut and was burning to wipe out the stigma which, he felt, had attached itself to him in consequence of the events that had transpired there. With him were Mr. Howard and Mr. Smith, midshipmen.

The enemy was evidently full of fight, for they could be seen streaming along the shore to take up their positions to oppose the landing force, and their defiant yells came faintly to the ears of those on board.

The Albany let go her anchors. She looked every inch a fighting ship, from keel to semaphores, from jackstaff to sounding platform. Along the gun-deck her six-inch battery was ready for business, a score of projectiles handily beside each gun, and loaders, pointers, trainers, and sight-setters grouping themselves into position.

"Load!" comes the command. Breeches are opened and projectiles and powder thrust home. The breeches are closed.

"Fire!"

The roar of the battery is simultaneous, and a half-dozen shells plunge among the hurrying groups, effectively scattering them.

Then a surprise comes. The Moros have another gun, and it is in position just where it is wanted, and where the sense of some leader among them had told him that it should be. There comes an answering scream, and before the man with the baseball gloves can receive the red-hot powder case from the opened breech a shell comes on its aerial way toward the Albany. As the missile nears her, the report, traveling more slowly, begins to be audible as a sort of infernal bass to the shell's shrill treble. Louder grows its whine, until it sounds like a street-car with flat wheels putting on brakes on a down-grade. Each man on board wonders where it is going

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to strike, and wants to duck his head, but won't. They point upward, trying to locate the missile in the air.

Spish-sh! It has fallen. A fountain of water deluges the quarter-deck, and the shell goes ricocheting away and away across the ocean. That was superb gunnery for a first shot at unknown range.

"No Moro fired that gun," says Captain Merritt, with conviction. "Lower the boats!"

They swing out from their davits, the triggers are touched, and they strike the waves. An instant later they are tearing through the water toward the shore, under cover of the guns.

As Frank pulls upon his oar he can see the Albany lying to upon the glassy ocean, every brace and stay sharply outlined against the blue sky. She has run up her colors, in accordance with sea manners, and as he gazes on his country's flag a thrill of pride goes through him.

As he pulls he sees smoke issue from her guns, and again the shells wheeze through the air and scatter the riflemen upon the shore. Again the Moro answers, one against six, and a projectile dips into the waves halfway between the boats and the battleship. Their gunner has not equaled his first attempt.

Frank does not want to be shot in the back, and his back is toward the shore. He can see nothing but the sea and the battleship, and can only surmise the distance from the beach by the lengthening interval between the Albany and his cutter. And now the air is filled with that sound which he heard at Asuncion. But this time it is he and his comrades who are the targets of the unseen riflemen who creep out of their holes in the intervals between shell-fire and aim at the attacking party. And those are not gentlemen's bullets. Frank can detect the difference in the shriller twang as they go past his head. Krags and Mausers fire bullets no bigger than the ends of lead pencils, but these are leaden lumps of giant caliber—bits of fused telegraph wire, perhaps, or old Martini .45's, with the nose notched or sawed, so that they will expand on striking and inflict a ragged tear in flesh and bone.

Ripples appear upon the water round the cutter. Ping! A bullet glances off the gun and a chip of wood flies into the air. The man in front of Frank catches at his oar and then clasps his hand to his wrist. When he regains the blade he sees a neat groove through the oar-handle. Thud! Who was hit? The coxswain transfers the tiller and pulls a first-aid bandage from his knapsack, winding it round his arm, from which the blood spurts seventy-two times a minute, in little jets.

The keel grates on the beach and the men leap out and haul the guns ashore. Now they are protected from rifle fire by a slope of sand, fringed with sea-grasses. The gun is unlimbered, the gunners make ready, and the men lie down. Frank is not attached to this gun, his own being in one of the turrets, and that is not needed in this engagement—it would be like taking a popgun to a horde of mosquitoes. Frank's company forms the reserve line and cannot fire, because the marines are already upon the ground in front, firing into the jungle.

Captain Merritt strolls unconcernedly behind the line and addresses Ensign Wilkins, who is kneeling, his glasses to his eyes.

"Mr. Wilkins, extend your company upon the right," he says.

The men run forward and form a continuous line with the marines. They lie as flat as possible, and Frank can see nothing but a forest of grass.

Now the guns have ceased firing, for the Americans are too near the enemy, and apparently the unknown gunner has spent all his ammunition, for he, too, is silent. Frank raises his head and thinks the wind flutters his cap. As a matter of fact, there is a hole through the cloth, but he will not discover that until afterward. The sun is scorching, and he wants to take a long swig from his canteen, as he sees others doing, but he knows that that will not do. If he should be wounded he will treasure every drop in it as though it were a sparkling pearl. He drops his head again.

"Advance!" the bugle blows.

"We're going to get that gun!" yells Ensign Wilkins.

The men leap to their feet with a cheer and run forward, Mr. Wilkins and the two midshipmen leading them.

They flop down at intervals for short breathing spells. The line is growing a trifle irregular, and "bunching" here and there. The ensign, who has fallen to the rear, calls to the men to keep their intervals. The line straightens again. Now it has gained the top of the slope and entered the fringe of the jungle, and Frank can see, perhaps half a mile away, perhaps three hundred yards, so deceptive is distance under that blazing sun, small groups of firing figures.

"Come on, boys!" cries the ensign, taking the lead once more.

They run with gasping mouths and heaving chests. In a minute or two they will be upon the enemy. The bugle blows again for a halt.

The men fall down instinctively, for the habits of drill are strong. They murmur. Why were they stopped at the last? Suddenly a cloud of dust arises among the sand dunes to the right, and a horde of Moros rushes into the grass. These are fanatics, the bravest of the outlaws; they are intoxicated with hemp and have sworn to kill the unbelievers or die. They have been held in ambush in a dry water-course, and the scheme had been neatly planned, but at the last they could not be restrained.

They make an awe-inspiring picture as they rush forward. Frank stares at them in fascination and forbears to fire. He hardly realizes that that flash of sunlight on their keen bolos carries death with it. Everything is silent. The Moros grow larger, as in a moving picture. A vulture hangs poised, high up in air. He knows.

A roar breaks from the Moros' throats. "Allah! Allah! Allah! Alla-a-a-ah!"

Then, with a cough and a rattle, the Maxims come into play, the bullets pouring through their muzzles in a continuous stream, and the marksmen turn the weapons right and left, like hose. God grant they do not stick and that the water-jackets keep them cool! They do not stick. The line emerges from the jungle, hardly a hundred paces away, crumples up, swings round upon itself, and melts away. The grass is strewn with bodies.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

What She Saw.

"I declare," said Mrs. Ollips to her husband. "I don't know what Sally Billinks sees in Snide McInnis! But she's going to marry him!"

"Well," replied Ollips, "there is no great mystery about that. 'What does she see in him?' and 'What does he see in her?' are two questions that have been asked, I feel safe in saying, since the beginning of time.

"Sally sees in Snide one of those beautiful little things such as we used to pay a nickel for when we were kids—things full of red, white and blue glass that formed all sorts of beautiful shapes and designs. He fascinates her just that way.

"That, doubtless, is all Sally Billinks sees in Snide McInnis."

"But he is so homely!" said Mrs. Ollips. "And so stupid."

"Sally Billinks is not the fool she looks, my dear. She made the important discovery, no doubt, that the fine and fascinating fellows are not for her. She has taken the goods that the gods provide. That is true philosophy.

"Mac has likewise made the astute deduction that beautiful and accomplished women are not taking particularly to his kind of bait.

"It is all plain to me. A green fly will land a trout on some days and on other days it requires a red fly. Green flies are not the only bait.

"Sally thinks that looks and cleverness are one thing and fuel for the gas meter is another. McInnis shows no Grecian countenance. His nose ought never to have happened, I admit, but it is too late now. However, he has something that is a good substitute for looks. He has laid up some treasures which the gas meter has not yet been able to break through and steal. See the point?

"And Sally, when she discovered that she was no Lorelei, started in to learn to make biscuits. When she has the inside information and McInnis has the wherewithal, why shouldn't they marry?

"It is a Samsonian cinch that when two people say, 'I will arise as at other times before and get me a husband, or a wife,' there will be something doing."

"But how can she love him?"

"Love him! Your ignorance of your sex is appalling. A woman is like a turtle. She grabs a man and hold on to him until it thunders. She hangs on to one finger, and she doesn't know there are any other men any more than a trout will recognize a green fly when a red one has taken his fancy."

* * *

Forgetful.

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theater. "I don't like the tie you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife.

The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed.

Some folks would look for happiness with a lantern when the sun is shining.

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Quick—Sure—Easy. All year business. **Sells Itself.** Experience unnecessary. Every home a prospect. All can afford. Even 2 or 3 sales a day gives $27 to $40 a week profit. Easy to sell six to dozen a day. Write TODAY for description, money-making plans and how to get FREE Sample.

C. Brown Mfg. Co. 4038 Brown Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

STEM SET WATCH FREE RING & CHAIN

This American made, stem wind and stem set watch, with beautiful engraved case, guaranteed five years, and Chain and Ring with sparkling gem, given free for disposing of only 8 set of fine Art Pictures at 25c each. Send name and we will send pictures at once. Remit $2 collected and for your trouble will send Watch and Chain and Ring. A GREAT OFFER. Don't miss it. Address

M. O. SEITZ, 7A51 CHICAGO

Entertain the Young Folks!

One of our former Presidents said, "Furnish the home with some entertainment and you will keep the boys and girls in the country and on the farms."

A "MIRA" will do it

It is the sweetest toned automatically played musical instrument before the public. A postal will bring catalog and full particulars as to how easily this fine instrument can be secured.

Lyon & Healy, 27-35 E. Adams St., Chicago

Ladies' & GENT'S WATCHES FREE

Ladies' and gent's size, hunting and other styles. Free to anyone selling our jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 jewelry articles now. When sold send $2.00 & we'll send you a stem-wind, simulated gold finish, richly engraved, new thin model, guaranteed watch latest design, fancy bezel, choice size. Other styles described with goods. Also 3-stone ring and chain. (Ladies' or gent's style).

HOMER JEWEL CO., Dept. 16, CHICAGO, ILL.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR or MORPHINE

Habits Easily CURED. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets will cure any case in from ten to thirty days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, can be given secretly in tea or coffee. Particulars sent sealed FREE.

The Ohio Chemical Works, Box 514 Swanton, Ohio.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

An Eagle Self-Filling Fountain Pen FREE

The pen is made with the best black hard rubber finish, fitted with a splendid smooth writing pen point, and should last you a lifetime. Requires no special ink, any good writing ink will work fine. Needs no filler.

We will replace any pen that will not write perfectly through fault of manufacturers.

Just send us $1.00 for a year's subscription to either the Blade or Ledger and we will send one of these splendid self-filling fountain pens absolutely free, all charges paid. Send at once. Canada price $1.50.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,

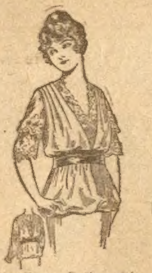
504 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

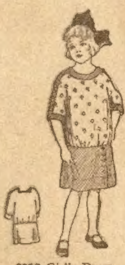
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

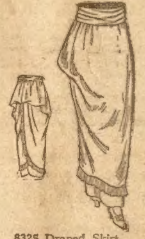
We make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



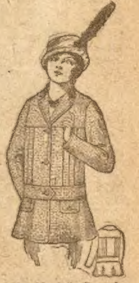
8321 Fancy Bodice with Over-Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.



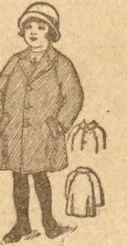
8313 Girl's Dress, 4 to 8 years.



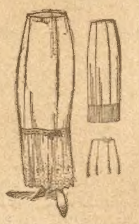
8325 Draped Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.



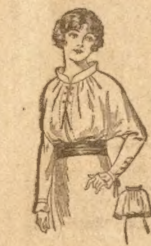
8327 Norfolk Coat for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



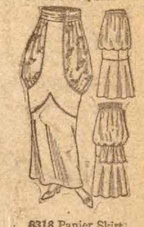
8328 Boy's Overcoat, 2 to 8 years.



8308 Five Gored Petticoat, 32 to 40 waist.



8324 Gathered Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.



8318 Panier Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME ....

Street No.
or R. F. D. ....

Box............Town..

This is a..........................Subscription. State......................
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

Let Us Make You Fat

50-CENT BOX FREE

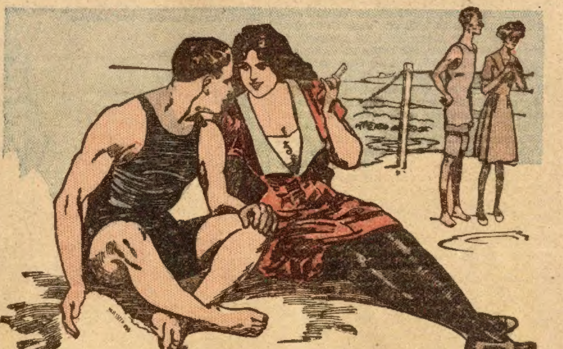
Real Flesh Builder Found at Last. New Harmless Home Treatment. We Want to Prove at Our Expense That We Can Safely, Surely Increase the Weight of Any Thin Reader of the Chicago Ledger from 10 to 25 Pounds. No Drastic Diet. No Hardships. Nothing to Rub On. Something New and Better

WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN and WOMAN HERE

Everyone Who is Thin, Run Down, Nervous, and Underweight to Get Plump, Strong and Healthy at Our Expense. Use Free Coupon Below

THIN, FUSSY, NERVOUS MEN

This new home treatment, which we offer to send free, is great for thin, listless, dieting, underweight men with cranky stomachs, who lack ambition, are always fretting and worrying, who tire easily and who are 10 pounds or more underweight. Works like a charm. Builds solid, healthy flesh on their lean frames and quickly develops strength, vigor and vitality. F. Gagnon reports gain of 22 pounds in 23 days. Eat Sargol and grow fat, happy and healthy.



Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol.

NO THIN MAN OR WOMAN CAN IGNORE THIS OFFER

This is an offer which no thin man or woman who reads the Chicago Ledger can afford to ignore. At our expense, we offer to send you a full 50 cent box of a wonderful new treatment that hundreds of men and women in every part of the country declare has increased their weight all the way from 10 to 40 pounds and built up firm, healthy, permanent "stay there" flesh and tissue all over their thin bodies. Don't delay. Don't hesitate. Use the Free Coupon to-day. Get out your Scale and Tape Measure and eat the Sargol we give you free. Increase your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week and grow strong, vigorous and healthy.

TIRED, SCRAWNY, RUNDOWN WOMEN

This wonderful new flesh building treatment which we send Free seems to possess a most remarkable effect in quickly and permanently rounding out the feminine form. It does not develop one portion of the figure at the expense of another, but in perfect harmony the face should fill out to perfect oval, the neck and bust become firm and plump, the arms and limbs take on the graceful curves which alone are signs of beauty. Eat Sargol and grow plump and graceful.

We want to give to every man or woman reader of this paper who is thin, pale, weak, run down and underweight, who has lost his or her buoyant youthful energy, who suffers from loss of appetite or from debility either nervous or physical, and who wants to put from 10 to 40 pounds of good, firm, healthy fat on his or her lean frame, a fifty cent package of Sargol absolutely free.

Sargol is a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing weight and creating firm, healthy flesh and tissue on any part of the body—a treatment for increasing cell growth, developing the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting into the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man or woman so sadly needs. A scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food you eat may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of wastefully passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Use Sargol. It's use can't hurt you, can hardly help but benefit you. Put on from 10 to 40 pounds of good healthy fat and note the transformation in you which this increase will bring. See how your step grows quick, firm, elastic, your eyes bright and clear, your pale hollow cheeks fill out to clear natural rosy plumpness, the old scrawny, peaked, hang dog, hungry look completely vanish.

For we say now that we believe the skinniest, scrawniest man or woman can "fill out," become plump—yes, actually fat—and all by this same simple, harmless, home treatment which imposes no hardships, no flesh food to rub on, no mechanical appliances, no massage, no severe physical culture stunts, no detention from business, can be taken privately in your own home without the knowledge of a soul, and is sent to you Free to try to prove that all we say is true.

Sargol is not an experiment. It is no new untried discovery and its fame extends throughout the world. A gold Medal was awarded it at the Brussels Exposition in 1910. Another at Rome in 1911. Moreover scores and scores of men and women right here in America—thin for years—born thin—ten, twenty, yes even thirty pounds underweight, write, in effect, that they are astounded at the quick, unmistakable gain in weight, gain in health, gain in muscle, nerve force and vitality that Sargol has given them. Their reports go to prove that Sargol does put on fat at the rate of ten to thirty pounds a month and that best of all it is firm, healthy, permanent "stay there" fat. These users also tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, don't delay one minute but use the Free Coupon on this page to-day. Write the Sargol Company, 100-V Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50 cent box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of flesh building.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who have testified to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

WHAT SARGOL HAS DONE FOR OTHERS

When we mail you the Free 50 cent package of Sargol, we will send you copies of letters received from grateful patrons, reporting actual gains in solid healthy permanent flesh, of from ten to over thirty pounds.

We give you here a few interesting figures from reports, such as are being received daily.

C. BAPTIST says:

"After finishing the Sargol treatment for flesh building I desire to inform you that I have gained just 39 pounds. When I began taking your treatment I weighed 124 pounds, and now after finishing your course, the scales show that I weigh 163 pounds in four months.

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could not say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headaches. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years."

C. E. Crouner	reports	gain	15	lbs.	in	30	days
Thomas Davis	"	"	10	"	"	16	"
Leonore Patton	"	"	16	"	"	30	"
Mrs. Seim	"	"	13	"	"	20	"
Mrs. A. Arnott	"	"	10	"	"	40	"
F. A. Myrick	"	"	20	"	"	30	"
Philip Drapeau	"	"	9	"	"	30	"
Mrs. S. E. Murray	"	"	30	"	"	40	"
Mary Bland	"	"	18	"	"	40	"
W. W. Allis	"	"	36	"	"	50	"
Wm. Carmichael	"	"	5	"	"	10	"
Arthur Stewart	"	"	5	"	"	12	"
Mrs. C. Craig	"	"	13	"	"	30	"
Mrs. N. Galliger	"	"	18	"	"	35	"

Send today for our free 50 cent package and let us prove that

SARGOL SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR YOU

If Sargol can build healthy flesh on these people, we surely believe it can build good healthy flesh on you. So we care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with, we assume all the risk. We offer to put 10 to 15, yes, even 30 pounds of good, solid, "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill up hollows in your cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; we take this risk and assume it cheerfully and if we can not put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame, we don't want your money.

Send for the 50 cent box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50 cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer in the Chicago Ledger if we were not prepared to do everything we say. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon to-day and mail it at once to the Sargol Company, 100-V Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

GET FAT AT OUR EXPENSE

FREE COUPON

50c Box of Sargol Free

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package of Sargol (provided you have never tried it) and that 10c is inclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in silver in letter to-day, with this coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 100-V Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

Pin this Coupon to your Letter